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DOUGHOREGAN MANOR, AND CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

SECOND PAPER.

IN 1801, Mr. Carroll, who was an ardent Federalist, retired from public life, and passed his last years in summer at Doughoregan manor naturally reflective and philosophical, not the enforced inaction of a disappointed man. As early as 1765 he writes to his correspondents greatly in his absence. Our estates differ much from yours—the income is never certain. It depends upon the casual rise or



CHARLES CARROLL'S CITY-HOUSE, THE PLACE OF HIS DEATH.

gan and in winter at the town-house in which he died, which is still standing in the city of Baltimore, on Lombard Street near Front.

It was the ripe and cultivated leisure of a

respondent, Mr. Graves: "As to travelers in America, besides that there is little worth a traveler's notice, there is the disadvantage attending a long journey—one's affairs will

fall in the price of tobacco. Few with us rent their lands, and those who do receive the rents in tobacco. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, and some others more person-

al and applicable to myself, my views reach not beyond the narrow limits of this province—so little is my ambition, and my bent to retirement so strong, that I am determined, leaving all ambitious pursuits, to confine myself to the improvement you recommend of my paternal acres. May I not enjoy as much happiness in this humble as in a more exalted station? Who is so happy as an independent man? and who more independent than a private gentleman possessed of a clear estate, and moderate in his desires?"

He is at this time a widower, with one son and two daughters—the one afterward married to Richard Caton, the other to Robert Goodloe Harper.

In 1764, his father had written to him in Paris that a wife must be sensible and sweet-tempered, and that these two qualities are "essential to future happiness, for without domestic peace and content matrimony must prove a curse instead of a blessing." He did not, he continues, wish his son to marry a fortune; but a wife with virtue, good-nature, and good sense.

And such a one the young man found, not in Paris, but in Maryland, in Miss Darnall, daughter of the surveyor-general of the province.

It sounds very quaint to hear him talking, but a few years before his marriage, thus:

"As to your humble servant, he is much as you left him—as thin, as easy, and as sincere and unalterable in his friendship, still a bachelor, and likely to remain so—not from any fixed purpose, or former disappointment, but merely from indifference. At our years the passions grow cooler, and our reason generally operates the stronger in proportion to the abatement of youthful heat. A man of common-sense at twenty is well convinced, or ought to be, of the emptiness of that passion (which exists nowhere but in romance), and, in choosing a wife, he will not choose a mere mistress—an agreeable, sensible companion would be his choice. If he marries, he will marry from affection, from esteem, and from a sense of merit in his wife, whom he will look on in a better light than a mere bedfellow: it is indeed a misfortune too common that the generality of women neglect to improve their understandings—their whole time being taken up in emptiness, in adorning and setting off to advantage their charms. They do not reflect that these, in the eyes of the world, have but a few years to last, and, in the eyes of a husband, but a few months; and good sense, good-nature, improved by reflection, by reading, are the only means to hold the affection of a husband, and to perpetuate that empire which beauty first established. What more dreadful, what more irksome, than to be linked for life to a dull, insipid companion, whose whole conversation is confined to the color and fashion of her dress—the empty chit-chat of the tea-table? Nor would I be understood to insinuate that the domestic cares and charge of a family are beneath the notice and dignity of a wife, for due attention to the duties that fall to the mistress of a family, far from being derogatory, would do honor to a lady in the highest station in life."

Afterward he faces sickness and a heavy sorrow, and the burden becomes almost more than he can bear—not seeing the near future, and the silver lining already tingeing faintly the luminous edges of the dark clouds:

"I really know not how it is, but either from lowness of spirits, or from a puny, weakly frame, perhaps from both, as reciprocally the cause and effect, I am grown quite indifferent to every thing in this world, even to life itself. I assure you—I speak without affectation, and with due submission to the will of God—I care not how soon a period is put to this dull tameness of existence here, but, I am sensible, to merit immortal happiness, we must patiently submit—I was going to say cheerfully, but I have not virtue enough to do that—to the crosses and trials of this life, nay, we must drink up the very dregs of it; I am come to the dregs of it in mine.

"Do not be startled at this morality. Virtue, believe me, is the only foundation of happiness in this life; there can be no other foundation for happiness in any other but virtue—reason and revelation both teach this; constant experience, too, confirms it to be true—else, whence that perpetual anxiety, those endless, restless desires in men possessed of all worldly advantages—dignities, power, wealth, strength, beauty, health, wisdom? Even these favorites of Nature are as craving, as uncontented, as her most destitute, impoverished children! Why? These men want virtue; their desires are insatiable because not fixed on the only object capable of satisfying man, and intended to satisfy him, by rendering him completely happy—infinity, and to the enjoyment of this virtue only can entitle us."

But, in 1768, he sends to London for a silk-lined wedding-suit, and there are stately and hospitable wedding festivities at Annapolis and Doughoregan.

The death of Mrs. Carroll was very sad. She was devotedly attached to her grandfather. One day he was standing on the large porch of his house at Annapolis, watching a ship come into the harbor. He stepped back too far, fell, and was picked up dead. Mrs. Carroll, his grandchild by marriage, and his constant companion, never recovered from the shock, nor left the room afterward until her death.

At Doughoregan Mr. Carroll had, at this time, collected an excellent library. He delighted in reading, and chiefly his beautiful and valuable editions of the classics, which, up to his ninety-third year, he understood and perused with the greatest facility and pleasure.

His favorite classic in his old age was Cicero. "After the Bible," he would say, with his peculiar earnestness and vivacity of manner, "and the 'Following of Christ,' give me, sir, the philosophic works of Cicero."

During his residence at the Temple his father had written to him to buy any books he liked and thought deserving a place in a gentleman's library, and that any money so expended would be well laid out.

This library was sold in 1868, and a catalogue now before us proves it to have been especially rich in Irish history, political dis-

cussion, notably those in pamphlet form, proofs of Christianity, and in the Latin and French classics. Among the valued books referred to in his letters, we see the Bishop of Meaux's "Histoire de Variations;" the "History of Ireland" of the Abbé McGeehan; "An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Evidence produced by the Lords Murray and Morton against Mary Queen of Scotland;" "Les Erreurs de Voltaire," with Voltaire's answer; Captain Behring's "Journal of a Voyage from Kamtchatka to America in 1741;" together with most of the authors, Latin, French, or English, that were standard at the time.

The Honorable Daines Barrington sends him his "Observations upon the More Ancient Statutes, from Magna Charta to James I," which he acknowledged, with some strictures upon the work, showing great confidence in so young a man, united with the most polished courtesy.

"August 19, 1767.

"To the Honorable Daines Barrington:

"I received from Mr. Graves your agreeable, judicious, and entertaining observations on the statutes. The least I can do for the pleasure they have afforded me is to acknowledge it, and thank you. What, too, not a little enhances the value of the present, independent of its intrinsic worth, is your remembrance of me; if to be praised by a great man is the highest praise, to be remembered by one is not less flattering. As a token of friendship, your book cannot but be pleasing to me; the perusal of it has afforded me no small amusement and instruction. Indeed, I could not have thought so dry a subject capable of such embellishments. You have thrown a new light on the old statutes by making them expositions of the manners of our ancestors. Perhaps the only fault in the book is the quotation of so many different languages; few of the readers, I believe, will understand all the languages you have quoted; at least, I wish you had Englished many of them for such ignorant ones as myself. Graves tells me the bear-hams were spoilt; they were perfectly sound when they left this place. I have endeavored to procure you a taste of American venison, but hitherto without success; but I hope to get some venison time enough to send in the spring.

"I am, sir, etc.,

CHARLES CARROLL

"of Carrollton."

His care and watchfulness over his children and grandchildren was most affectionate and tender. He loses no opportunity to enforce the precepts of morality and Christianity upon them, and the weight of gray hairs and honored years should have carried his advice to the heart. In 1821 he writes to his son Charles:

"In writing to you I deem it my duty to call your attention to the shortness of this life, and the certainty of death, and the dreadful judgment we must all undergo, and on the decision of which a happy or a miserable eternity depends. The impious has said in his heart, 'There is no God.' He would willingly believe there is no God; the passions, the corruptions of his heart would fain per-

made him there is none. The stings of conscience betray the emptiness of the delusion; the heavens proclaim the existence of God, and unperverted reason teaches that He must love virtue and hate vice, and reward the one and punish the other."

And again to the same son when on the way to Doughoregan Manor, starting from Belvedere, the residence of General John Eager Howard, and stopping at Brooklandwood, the country-home of his favorite daughter Mary Caton :

"I got here last night, more than two hours after sunset. Mr. Caton accompanied me from Belvedere. We were overtaken by a thunder-storm about three miles from this place. We both remained upward of an hour in a frame cottage. The good inhabitant, a mother, was giving supper to her three children—boiled Irish potatoes and milk. What do you think were my thoughts during the scene? It occurred to me that in the course of a few years I might be driven into exile by the prevalence of a miserable faction, and forced to shelter in as poor a house the remainder of my life, a considerable part of which had been faithfully devoted to my country's service. I reflected, however, that if the turn of fortune should fall to my lot, very little would support nature. The train of thought brought forcibly to my mind the wise saying of Ulysses," etc. The "miserable faction" is a fling at Jefferson and his school.

The style in which the manor was kept was liberal even to profuseness, and its hospitality noted not only at home, but abroad. After Mr. Carroll's granddaughters, the Misses Catons, married—the one Lord Wellesley, Viceroy of Ireland, and the others respectively the Duke of Leeds and Baron Stafford—very few Englishmen of note visited this country without calling on Mr. Carroll. The British ministers at Washington were frequent guests; and Washington, Jackson, Taney, Decatur, Lafayette, and others, entered his door as intimate friends.

We catch one contemporary glimpse—and but one—of the venerable old man at Doughoregan, on what, in his youth, he called his paternal acres.

It is in a very rare pamphlet in the Maryland Historical Society's library—an oration in 1832 in honor of the late Charles Carroll of Carrollton, delivered before the Philodemian Society of Georgetown College by Charles Constantine Pease, D. D., Chaplain to the Senate of the United States:

"I have seen him, and it is delightful for me to represent him to you, spending his summers under the shade of those trees which his father's hands had planted nearly a century and a half ago, and which—*con sociari amant*—love to twine their hospitable boughs over the venerable mansion of Doughoregan. The manner in which he there spent his time resembled the '*Mitis sapientia Læli*.' He arose very early to enjoy the fresh breeze of the morning; plunged into a cold bath; mounted his horse, and rode a certain number of miles; spent some time in prayer, and if the chaplain of the manor was there, heard mass in the chapel; varied the long days in reading and conversing, and indulging in

those meditations which the scenes of his past life and the circumstances of the present period were calculated to awaken in his philosophic mind."

The man was never without some visitors, whom it was Mr. Carroll's delight to put upon the most agreeable familiarity—he paid equal attention to all alike; and all left him, not only full of admiration for his character, but of veneration for his virtues and attachment to his person.

Many among the most prominent and most respected of the older citizens of Baltimore knew Mr. Carroll, and some intimately. From these we have gathered an estimate of his personality, interesting and complete; and, recognizing the honor due to the truth of history, it has been set down word for word, as far as possible, in the exact language used :

Mr. Charles Carroll, the signer, as he is generally called, was of small stature, but of so striking a countenance that he drew attention upon him from every eye. His forehead was high, his nose large and aquiline, his eyes gray and full of intelligence; his skin was remarkably clear and thin, so that the blood could be seen meandering through every vein and artery; his general deportment always grave and reflective. He had the air of one who had studied much and thought much; when he spoke he was sententious, and to the point. He was not rhetorical; he was a man of facts and logic, and never very enthusiastic in manner; he not only used the utmost accuracy in all his statements, but required the same from others. He was methodical in all his habits, very exact in business, and a painstaking accountant. He was a man capable of wide views on all subjects, not from having a fanciful but a logical mind; consequently, he seldom changed his opinions. He was a Catholic by birth and early education, and so continued till manhood; but then the age of *Freethinking* came on; he became infected with the views of the new schools of government, philosophy, and religion; but he was not demonstrative, and seldom gave utterance to his new opinions. He continued, however, most respectful and attentive to the views of his Mother-Church. He remarked to a gentleman, a friend of the writer of this sketch, that such was the frame of mind of nearly all the leading men of the times of our Revolution—cultivated minds had become tired of controversy and persecution—and that it was a providential circumstance that a large majority of the great men that framed our Constitution were freethinkers, otherwise that noble instrument could not have been penned. He thought it was the very wisest political document that man had ever produced, and anticipated but one probability of its disruption—the slavery question. He was a pro-slavery man in all its features, and was most logical in his demonstrations of its influence in this country.

Never was there a more kind master; he was truly a father to his large family of slaves, by whom he was greatly beloved and respected; every attention was paid to their physical and religious wants; and this race, under his management, have greatly advanced in civilization. According to his own state-

ment, he was nearly sixty years of age before his mind had cooled down from the high temperature of freethinking so pervading at that period of his early manhood, and he then felt drawn back to the early impressions of religious faith. He had thought that he had taken the broadest views when he passed over to the school of pure philosophy; but he began to see that the system established by his Holy Church was a still broader system; for man's temporal and spiritual existence was to be found in the doctrines of Jesus Christ. He began then to read logically the works of the defenders of the faith, and in Milner's "End of Controversy" he found condensed the most satisfactory reasons for upholding the Church as the great and universal principle on which all good and permanent society must exist. He became fully convinced that their teachings could come from God only, and that it was his duty to adopt them in his heart, and to give them full faith. From this date, for thirty or thirty-five years, he was a faithful, regular, earnest member of the Roman Catholic Church, and, to his honor, it can be said, he continued most tolerant to all other sects.

He was an early riser, and very attentive to his personal habits, after which he attended to his religious duties, then to his accounts or other business, or else to some classical reading, such as he had been accustomed to in his early years at the Douai College in France. He was a grave Latin and French scholar, but read nothing of common fashionable literature. His taste and judgment had been formed by the literature of an earlier and more manly character, which gave him the healthy tone he always possessed. He would pass certain hours most cheerfully in company at home, for he seldom visited or dined out. His meals were at regular hours; early breakfast at eight, dining at three, and taking tea at seven or eight p. m. He ate moderately at breakfast, never lunched, dined well, but never over-much. He was careful in quantity and quality; drank wine—never spirits, seldom malt—madeira, sherry, port, or champagne, he partook of, but never drank more than three or four glasses during all the time of dinner. He seldom remained after the dessert was removed, but left the company to some one of the family to carry on the usual hospitalities of the table. At his old Doughoregan House, in Howard County, the style of living was very handsome and generous. To the chapel he daily resorted, as well as the members of the family. There was no show of religious excitement, each member in his or her own way quietly attended there, as time or circumstances permitted, and discussion about religion was never heard. As many as twenty guests would be in the house, and yet all the domestic affairs would go on as if by magic; a numerous retinue of well-trained servants waited on the guests; and seldom could be found a more refined or intellectual company than was to be seen constantly at this hospitable board during the summer season, when the family resorted to the country. A more beautiful old age no man ever enjoyed. He had health, cheerfulness, respect, love, abundance of gratitude; above all, contentment and patience. The

devotion paid to him was that which we read in the Old Testament; and, really, he looked like a true venerable patriarch. But death came at last to summon him to the bar of eternal judgment. He had been for a long time declining from ossification of his heart, and the debility of old age; but his mind was as unclouded as it was in his earlier days. But daily he grew worse, and his end was evidently approaching. From an eye-witness the following account of the last scene is given: "It was toward sundown, in the month of November, and very cold weather. In a large room—his bedroom—a semicircle was formed before a large open fireplace. The venerable old man was in a large easy-chair; in the centre, before him, a table with blessed candles, an antique silver bowl of holy water, and a crucifix; by his side, the priest—Rev. John C. Chauncey, President of St. Mary's College, and afterward Bishop of Natchez—in his rich robes, about to offer him the last rites of the Holy Catholic Church. On each side of his chair knelt a daughter and grandchildren, with some friends, making a complete semicircle; and, just in the rear, three or four old negro servants, all of the same faith, knelt in the most venerating manner. The whole assemblage made up a picture never to be forgotten. The ceremony proceeded. The old gentleman had been for a long time suffering from weak eyes, and could not endure the proximity of the lights immediately before him. His eyes were three-fourths kept closed, but he was so familiar with the forms of this solemn ceremony that he responded and acted as if he saw every thing passing around. At the moment of offering the Host he leaned forward without opening his eyes, yet responsive to the word of the administration of the holy offering. It was done with so much intelligence and grace, that no one could doubt for a moment how fully his soul was alive to the act."

As soon as it was over, his medical attendant, knowing that he had been many hours without food, went to him and remarked that he must be very much exhausted, and offered some food. In the most gentle and intelligent manner, he replied:

"Thank you, doctor, not just now; this ceremony is so deeply interesting to the Christian that it supplies all the wants of Nature. I feel no desire for food."

In a few moments more one of his granddaughters and the doctor lifted him from the chair and placed him in his bed. He said to them:

"Thank you; that is nicely done."

His daughter, Mrs. Caton, in her great anxiety for his sinking state, gave the doctor a glass of jelly, and asked him to insist upon her father's taking some of it. The doctor did so; but the patient again declined with the most perfect politeness. The glass was put aside, but the anxious daughter could not restrain her feelings, and, taking it up, went to the bedside and said:

"Papa, you must take it, as the doctor says you ought to do so."

With quick and decided change of manner, he said:

"Mary, put it down; I want no food."

She did so. He soon fell into a doze, and

seemed to sleep for an hour, but was restless, and declined into what seemed an uneasy position. His granddaughter, Mrs. McTavish, his ever-watchful nurse, requested the doctor, who was still with them, to lift him to a more comfortable place. At that time he did not weigh one hundred pounds. The doctor did so, and, seeing who it was, he remarked:

"Thank you, doctor."

After this he was silent, and took no food, and his pulse evidently indicated the gradual decline of life. It was after midnight, the hour not exactly remembered, when the vital spark went out without a struggle, he breathing as calmly as if falling into a gentle sleep. Thus departed one of the most refined, sincere, true gentlemen of the old school of Maryland.

J. C. CARPENTER.

OLD SIMLIN, THE MOULDER.

"YOU'RE right! I ain't got no relatives an' nobody to look after, so that isn't any sense in workin' too much. That's just what I say."

And that is just what he always did say, poor Simlin; but he never ceased, notwithstanding. Nearly everybody that knew him and spoke to him about it always found him quick to acquiesce: "Thar was nothin' plain-er than what they said; and it was just what he said, too." But it did not make the slightest difference, for he continued to work away all the same; so what else could be done but merely to give up the question?

Now, if he had only expressed himself in decided opposition, there might have been something to hope for in the matter—at least, it would have opened the way for an argument upon the subject; and, then, there was always the possibility that he might be induced to change his mind. However, his provoking approval put the case wholly beyond reach. And so old Simlin, toiling early and late, quietly followed his vocation.

There was not a better moulder in the whole foundry, or one that drew much higher wages. But, then, he was getting old. To be sure, he never had been young, so far as they knew any thing about him, even ten years ago, when, altogether unknown and friendless, he had first made his appearance in the village. But these ten years combined had not worn upon him like the last one. His head now, if once the soot had been removed, would not have shown a single black hair; and his voice was weak and cracked, and there was a visible trembling about the old man's legs. Perhaps he did imbibe liquor; but nobody had any right to say so, for nobody could prove that it was true. Only of late he had a strangely confused manner when any one addressed him, and, raising his unsteady hand nervously to his head, would repeat the sentence that had been on his lips a hundred, yes, a thousand times, until it had long ago grown into a stereotyped form—"I ain't got no relatives an' nobody to look after, so that isn't any sense in workin' too much."

Perhaps he really thought that the people would never see that he was straining every

effort, using every moment of his time, though, before the sun was up, and often after it was gone, the old man was at his place. And Simlin was always the first on hand if there was an extra job that would bring an extra cent.

But, other than making the assertion that he had no relatives, and nobody depending upon him, and that he did not think it worth while to work over-much, he never carried on a conversation. That there was no one to look after him was a self-evident fact. He lived utterly alone, in a small cabin on the brow of the hill. Rarely a soul but himself ever crossed its threshold. Under the step the gray gophers made their burrow, and, beneath the tall beech-trees, that threw down their prickly nuts, the brown weasels played in peaceful groups. The shy quail, sounding their whistle, fled among the ferns; and above, from the myriad branches, the beautiful wild-doves mourned out their perpetual sadness. At evening, when the sun went down, and the long line of the Scioto Hills flushed crimson with serene glory; when, by slow degrees, the pageant of departing day withdrew its gorgeous colors; even when the valley below was black with the gloom of night, the western radiance lingered, like the transforming light of some other land, upon the rude cabin, standing on its high and solitary perch.

Empty and bare, it afforded but little protection from the weather, for through it the winds blew in winter, and the rains dripped in summer. Simlin's wants, however, appeared to be few and simple. He seldom had a fire, even at the coldest season. What he subsisted upon, nobody knew. Once, perhaps, in two or three days, he would buy a loaf of coarse bread from the baker in the village, and his table evidently was supplied in the most frugal manner.

The people put down his besetting sin to be avarice; and the hut, if it contained no furniture, was reported to contain wealth enough, hidden away in its obscure cracks and corners, to have draped its dreary boards in the most costly velvet and lace, and encased its walls with marble. Of course, he was a miser. More than ten years now he had been at the foundry, and not a cent of the wages which he drew regularly had he spent, or put so much as a farthing into the savings-bank, where many of the hands had laid up quite a pile. But, unlike the majority of misers, the old man never complained of being poor; indeed, he never complained at all, or spoke of money in any way. If the subject was brought up in his presence, he either preserved utter silence or quietly got up and left; and, if driven to the last extremity, and made to say something, he would remark, running into the same old channel, that "it didn't much matter—he hadn't any relatives, nor anybody dependin' upon him."

So lonely and forlorn did he seem, and so harmless withal—for the old man never was known to do a mean action, or resent an angry word—that many uncouth kindnesses had been shown him on the part of the hands, with whom he was by no means unpopular. Especially had this been the case latterly; for, though he himself was apparently uncon-

scious of it, so terribly broken down had he become that the change was sorrowful to behold; and, rude as were the foundry-workmen, what there was pathetic in the patient manner in which the feeble old man silently worked on told upon them by instinct.

There had even been an interest taken in him up at the great house. Every season, "the colonel," as the owner and sole proprietor of the Rocky Ford Foundry was called by all the employés, brought his family down from the city to spend a few months rusticking in the beautiful Scioto Valley, where he had built a summer residence for that purpose, and that he might be near his great iron-works at the same time. There was always gay company up at the house—visitors from town, who needed no second invitation to entice them from the dust of the city to this peaceful retreat among the lovely hills of Ohio. Besides, the colonel had a beautiful daughter, and everybody liked the "young misses." Seldom, though, did she ever go down to the foundry; never, indeed, unless some special object took her there.

Coming from her home a mile distant—this home for her embowered in perpetual summer and wrapped in the peace that broods upon the everlasting hills, where she could see, far off, the golden meadow-lands and the more distant Paint Ridge, with its transparent veil of mist; this home from which she had often looked out and listened to the blue Scioto, unflecked with sail or skiff, struggling by day and night to tell its mysterious story, as it flowed forever on its lonely course—coming from this home, over the narrow path that led down the slope to the river's edge, where the green rushes grew and the wild-columbine hung its bells above the water, coming on, past the great rocks, where the scarlet lichens flamed in the sun and the blossoming alder displayed its drifted clusters; coming still with active feet over the velvet moss—coming from the lovely valley, coming from the tranquil hills, when she entered the foundry it seemed like stepping suddenly from the beautiful world into some haunt of evil spirits.

Within the great dingy walls no shining sunlight brightened the air. Dim and cheerless, it hung laden with smoke and vapor, that floated in clouds to the rafters. The harsh clang of heavy machinery, together with the roar of the furnaces, seemed to shake the very building. Among the enormous wheels that whirled with frightful velocity, and the immense belts that whizzed above their heads, the workmen, black and begrimed, looked small, weird, and unearthly, moving about upon the damp ground, with its jet-like covering of charred cinders. The place seemed an apparition of demons, performing in some cavern of the lower regions their evil incantations. No wonder the young lady seldom went there. Its gloom fell upon her with a heavy oppression, and her breath only came freely when once more she found herself out in the clear and open sunlight.

It happened in this manner that she first came to take any notice of old Simlin: There were gathered quite a party of young folks; and the colonel, who had been in Cincinnati

upon business, had returned the previous evening, bringing with him another gentleman, apparently a stranger to the family.

It was at the breakfast-table that the company were discussing the "sights" of the neighborhood, and debating whether they would take him first over to Paint Creek upon a fishing-excursion, or across the river to Mount Logan, famous for having been the rendezvous of the great Indian chief, when the colonel spoke up.

"Why not begin at home?" he said. "Do not fatigue him to death the first day, and I am proud enough of my foundry to think it might be of interest even to Mr. Safford; at least I mean to have him shown over it before he leaves."

The young man, of course, immediately stated that it would give him great pleasure, and the whole company, to the most of whom it would prove a novelty, gladly acquiesced in the proposition. So it was decided, and in two hours later they all started on their way.

When they entered the foundry it seemed more gloomy than ever, the atmosphere more stifling, and the jar of the machinery more painfully loud and discordant. Even the gay young people who had chatted and laughed all the morning felt the sudden change that involuntarily subdued their merriment. They broke up and scattered in twos and threes over the place, following the lead of simple curiosity, but the stranger-gentleman staid beside Helen, the "young misses."

"What a queer, unreal place!" he said. "One would never expect to find any thing like it in this beautiful valley. Does it not make you think, coming upon it suddenly out of the sunlight, of the evil genii you have read about in some fairy-tale long ago? And the workmen, at whose bidding all this gigantic power is brought into action, how small and weird they look!"

The two had been slowly approaching the great furnace, and, just as the gentleman ceased speaking, the immense door was thrown open, discovering, like a glimpse of the infernal regions, the seething flame within. Though they were not near enough to experience any inconvenience from the heat, Helen uttered a frightened exclamation and drew back; but the gentleman stood as if spellbound, for immediately in front of him from this opening streamed a broad but sharply-defined streak of blood-red light, that fell full upon old Simlin, and transformed the blackened cinders on the ground beneath his feet into a mass of living embers. As the old man straightened up, and was in the act of raising his hand to shield his eyes from the sudden illumination, they encountered the stranger, and a mingled expression of surprise and fright instantly struggled up through their weak color. For a moment, like an apparition, he stood transfixed. The red glare showed the old man's shrunken figure; it showed his attenuated arms and death-like mouth, his tattered clothes and the few wisps of his scant hair.

Mr. Safford had stopped simply at the startling effect which the glow of the furnace had produced, falling by accident upon a single workman. But, when the man rose up, he gazed at him, utterly taken aback by his strange behavior.

For an instant, the old man stared without moving a muscle, then his lips began to work convulsively, and, raising his hand before his face, as if to screen it from view, he half uttered an unintelligible sentence and sank down. At the same time, the door of the furnace had been closed, shutting off the brilliant light that for a moment had so strangely thrown him into violent relief.

For a second, the gentleman almost thought the whole thing had been an optical illusion, or some hallucination of his own brain; then, stepping forward, he saw the old man lying in a heap upon the ground.

* The young lady, recovering immediately from her sudden fright at the unexpected blaze, had seen the workman fall, and, coming up, asked, in a terrified voice:

"What is the matter? Oh, he is dead!" she exclaimed, kneeling down beside him.

"No, he is not dead.—Run quickly for some brandy," Mr. Safford called to the nearest hand. Then, assisted by one of the men, he raised the prostrate figure, not a heavy burden, and carried it out into the open air.

"I allus thought old Simlin 'd come to this," said the man who had helped in carrying him. "We all knowed he was over-working in himself."

"Why? Was he so feeble?" asked Mr. Safford, while he bathed the grimy forehead with his wet handkerchief.

"Feebil? He's that feebil he's just been of a trembl all over; and he's getting pretty much used up here, too," said the man, dropping his voice, and significantly touching his forehead. "It's my idee he's not booked for this world much longer."

"Poor man!" said Miss Helen, leaning tenderly over the pale face that still showed no symptoms of returning consciousness; "how very thin and emaciated he is! Has he no wife or family to take care of him?"

"That's just it, ma'am! That's just what he's allus harpin' on. He says he ain't got no relatives, and nobody to look after, and—"

The young lady suddenly raised her hand with a warning gesture; and, before the workman had ceased speaking, old Simlin opened his eyes. He looked around for a moment in a bewildered way; then his uncertain glance, falling upon the gentleman kneeling by his side, immediately became fixed, and grew into a wild stare. Raising himself unsteadily upon his elbow, still with his eyes fixed upon him, the old man threw out his trembling arm with a gesture as if addressing the whole company.

"It's a lie! Who said I had any relatives, or anybody to look after? I hain't! It's a lie—lie, I say! I never seen you before. He's a stranger"—still keeping his arm extended, and appealing excitedly to those around him—"you all know he is a stranger. I ain't got no relatives, nor anybody to look after."

It was evident enough that what the workman had told them about his intellect was too true, they all thought, as they looked at each other with a quick glance.

"I tell you I don't know you, sir! It's all a lie. I never seen you before. I—"

"No, you never saw me before."

Mr. Safford had spoken, hoping to soothe him; but, instead, the sentence appeared to

act upon the old man like an electric battery, for he raised himself into a sitting posture, and, with his head bobbing violently about, fairly screamed, his cracked voice running into high treble:

"That's right!—that's right! Do you all hear it? He says I never seen him before. It's all a lie about my havin' got any relatives. I hain't. I never seen him before. You heerd him say so—you all heerd him?" he inquired, for the last time, taking his pale, watery eyes from the gentleman, and looking, in a frightened, appealing way, round the group.

Then his strength seemed to fail suddenly, and he fell back upon the grass, panting for breath.

At this moment the colonel came up, and knelt down by his side. He uttered his name several times, and even put his hand upon the wrinkled forehead; but the old man, with vacant eyes fixed on the sky, paid no heed, though his lips trembled.

"I have ordered a wagon. It will be here directly. He must be taken to the house, where he can receive every attention. Poor man! I am afraid this will be about the last. I have expected it for a long time. Here, Safford, help me to lift him," he added, as Hendricks came back with the wagon.

"Safford! Safford! Who called me Safford?" said the old man, suddenly looking round in a terrified manner. "I—I've been a dreamin'," uttering a weak laugh. "It's not my—I mean nobody said it. I never heerd that name before. It's darned funny, ain't it? but I never even heerd that name before in my life! You know I didn't"—growing wild and excited again—"you know it's a lie! I ain't got no relatives, nor nobody to look after."

The gentlemen, without speaking, stooped to raise him; but he struggled violently, and, keeping his eyes still fixed on the younger one, he cried, with such an extreme distress upon his face, that they involuntarily drew back:

"No, no! I'm not fit to be near you. Stand off! You're a fine gentleman; it's not for the likes of you to touch me!" Then, turning toward the colonel, he muttered some inarticulate apology, and actually staggered, unaided, to his feet.

"I'm 'bliged to ye all," he said, nodding his head up and down, and backing, with uncertain steps, toward the foundry, as if afraid to take his eyes from the party as long as he was within their sight. "Thar ain't nothin' the matter with me! I jest felt faint a spell from the heat—the heat. It ain't nothin', an' it's gone now! I'll go back to my work agin—I'm all right—I'm 'bliged to ye. It was jest the heat as overcum me—jest the heat;" and, with a painful smile upon his thin lips, still muttering unintelligible excuses, he tottered into the building.

For a moment, taken by surprise, the group remained motionless. Then Helen said: "Poor old man! I declare, it almost made me cry only to look at him!—Father, you will have him cared for; you will not allow him to work any more?"

"No. He is dreadfully broken down, and I have heard the hands say that, latterly, he

was breaking in his mind, too; but I did not know it was so bad. I will see that he does as little as possible; but he will never quit until he gives out utterly, and he cannot hold on long in this condition. Strange!—Safford, how the sight of you seemed to excite him! Did you notice with what a wild, terrified gaze he stared at you, as if he had been hunted down? and, when you stooped to raise him up, he almost drew himself into a knot. I did not suppose, when I saw him on the ground, that he had strength enough left to stand on his feet without help; and it seemed as if it was this fear of you that inspired him with the power."

The younger man stood leaning against the tree from which he had not moved.

"Yes," he replied, "it was strange; I noticed it. How long have you had him in your employ?"

"More than ten years, and he has been about the most valuable hand in the foundry."

"Then I'm sure, father, you will take care of him, and not let him work any more?" said Helen, again.

"Yes—yes, child! don't bother yourself so—of course I will;" but the younger gentleman turned toward her quickly, while his face lighted up, then checked himself abruptly in what would have been an eager gesture of gratitude, and looked away without saying a word.

They remained a few moments to hear that the old man had recovered, and when the messenger reported him working at his place quietly as usual, without reentering the foundry, or waiting for their companions, the two started homeward. Helen's reluctance to go back into the building again had been so manifest that the gentleman could hardly do otherwise. Not until the straggling little village and the smoke of the great foundry were left in the distance did she fairly draw a breath of relief, and even then they still walked on almost in silence.

The day had reached its noon. On the river flowing past the lances of the sun broke into a thousand flakes of fire that followed each other over its surface in myriad ranks; and on either side, where the twisted birch reached out its branches, the waves with a grateful murmur turned up their cool white crests.

There was no loud hum of grasshoppers. Hardly a leaf stirred upon the trees, hardly a bird fluttered its wings. Even the far-off mists had disappeared, and a hush was on the hills—a hush as of awe before the splendor of the sky. No wonder they spoke but little. Almost solemn was the glory of the day in its noon. Yet perhaps neither one felt this influence which rested upon the land, and subdued alike to silence the peewee and the bobolink. It may be that the girl was not wholly unconscious of the scene, but it was certainly some other influence that wrapped her companion in abstraction. He saw not even the checkered shade that fell like lace-work on their path.

They were half-way home. Rousing himself suddenly with an effort, as if but just aware of this long abstraction, he said, for lack of any thing better—

"Miss Helen, do you like the country?"

"Dearly. I love these hills and the river. The time I spend here is the happiest part of my life."

"And are you not always happy?" he inquired. "You should be."

A strange gentleness in his tone as he uttered the last words made Helen look up quickly as she answered him with a smile:

"I am. I never had a trouble in my life."

They had reached the turn where the path led up the slope from the foot of the hill.

"Do not go back to the house," he said; "let us sit down here a little while in the shade. I feel strangely oppressed, and the four walls of a room would suffocate me."

Apparently, he had uttered the last sentence involuntarily, as he took off his hat, and passed his hand several times across his forehead, for, catching his breath quickly, he added, as if by way of an apology:

"It is so much pleasanter in the open air, and I am less fortunate than you. I seldom have a chance to enjoy the country."

He had evidently spoken truly, however, when he said he felt strangely oppressed, for his eyes wandered up the valley, far off to the remote Paint Ridge, yet he did not see the glittering Scioto, or how Summer sat enthroned in royal pomp upon the hills.

There was a thoughtful, almost anxious expression on his face. Presently he added, in a tone of voice as if they might have been discussing the subject at the moment, and which showed his mind was still occupied wholly by the incident at the foundry:

"Miss Helen, had you ever seen that man before?"

"What man?" she inquired. "The workman, you mean?"

"Yes, the old moulder."

"No. I have often heard them speak of him. I rarely go to the foundry; it is gloomy, and the hands are so rough father does not like to have me come in contact with them in any way, so I do not know one from another. I did not recollect at first, but I remember now hearing him say that old Simlin was queer, that he was a miser, and that he lived all alone on the Spring Hill. But I am sure father did not know he was so feeble, or how he was losing his mind. I can't help feeling sorry for him. It must be dreadfully sad, ignorant though he is, to grow old and have not a soul on the earth to care for him."

Again the gentleman turned to her, as she spoke, with a sudden emotion in his eyes that would have called the color to her cheeks had she seen it, but in another instant he had looked away, and the troubled cloud settled back once more upon his features.

"The river is beautiful," he said, after a pause; "see how the fire dances down its surface."

He had dismissed the subject from their conversation, if not from his own thoughts. More than an hour later Helen sprang up with a conscious blush upon her face as the sound of approaching voices told her how the time had fled. Ah, for her at least it had been wasted by on silver wings! They

both joined the party, and all went together to the house. There, almost immediately, Mr. Safford excused himself and went to his room.

Shut in alone, the same anxious, troubled expression he had worn when he looked unconsciously up the river came back upon him as he walked thoughtfully to and fro across the floor. The incident at the foundry had affected him singularly. He could not throw off its depressing influence. Why, he asked himself—why did the face of the old man haunt him perpetually, the thin, wrinkled face, as it had looked at him with sudden surprise and terror, struggling up through its watery eyes? Why did the cracked voice, with its accent of fright, ring constantly in his ears? If it was but the wild vagary of an unsettled mind, why should he give it any heed? "I am nervous," he muttered to himself. "They said the man was crazy, and surely I never saw him before—no, I never saw him before. Then why should the sight of me have so excited him? Probably another stranger would have done the same. I am foolish."

He still paced the floor of his room up and down, while he tried to argue himself out of the unreasonable hold which the circumstance had taken on his mind. "I wish I could forget it!" he exclaimed. Then walking to the window, and looking out mechanically, he said slowly to himself, as if weighing well his words:

"It is not possible; no, it is not possible that here I am going to find any clew. The man was crazy, that is all."

He returned again, however, not the least relieved, to his track over the carpet, and, before he went down-stairs, he had determined that he would "wait and see." He would not, as he had previously intended, leave the place within a day or two. He could not go away until he had satisfied himself about the matter wholly, and in the mean time he would find out what he could in regard to the old man.

He did not make any inquiries of the family, and the only information he could gain was simply what he had been already told.

His sleep that night was strangely disturbed. Over and over in his troubled slumber a thin, shrunken figure stood with its trembling arm stretched out toward him. It was always before him, even when sometimes there flitted through his dreams the form of one whose face was fair as the morning, whose hair was yellow as the reaper's wheat. He rose feeling little refreshed. The night, instead of lessening, had but strengthened the hold which the incident of the previous day had taken upon him, and against which he struggled without avail.

The colonel's prophecy did not prove incorrect when he said Simlin could not last long, for, just as the family were rising from the breakfast-table, a messenger arrived, saying the old man was lying insensible in his cabin. It seems he did not make his appearance at the foundry at his usual time, and, after waiting an hour in vain, Hendricks, who suspected something might be wrong, sent one of the hands to the hut, where he was found in this condition.

"Tell Hendricks I will see to him immediately," the colonel said to the messenger as he retired; then turning to young Safford, who stood with his hat in his hand, inquired, "Are you going out?"

"I will go with you, if you have no objection. I may be of some service, and I am in need of exercise at any rate."

He hesitated as he spoke, endeavoring to cover the unusual interest which he took in the matter, and the excitement he felt that the news had brought upon him.

"Why, my dear fellow, you are absolutely pale this morning! Our country air ought to do better for you than this. Yes, I wish you would go with me. I don't know exactly what is to be done. If old Simlin is very ill, he cannot be moved, and anyhow there is no road leading up that side of the Spring Hill, nothing but a narrow foot-path, which I guess he has worn himself, for nobody else ever goes in that direction. The cabin must have been originally put up by hunters. The place is so lonely and inaccessible, I have often tried in vain to prevail upon him to come down into the village. He is a strange man, almost a hermit in his habits."

"Father, cannot I go along with you? Maybe I can do something for him, too, if he is sick."

"You, Helen?" said her father, smiling. "What can you do for such a person? No, child, it is no place for you. I do not like to have you go among any of these wretched people."

He stooped and kissed the fair countenance raised so entreatingly to his. A swift expression of pain had come across the younger gentleman's face as the colonel spoke, but the girl persisted, and her father reluctantly gave his consent.

"Well, well, as you will. Tell Margaret to put a few things into a basket with some wine and brandy, and tell Jake to follow us with it immediately. We may need him anyhow, and he has no work to do about the house this morning. I cannot spare Hendricks from the foundry, and very likely, if we cannot move Simlin, the hut will have to be fixed up a little."

Losing no time, they started on their errand of mercy. The walk was long, but well shaded. Down the hill, along the valley, up the hill, all Nature seemed reveling in an excess of joy. The little song-sparrows, wild with delight, united in a jubilant choir; the blackbirds called, and called, and called; the orioles, in myriad numbers, fluttered their golden wings; and sometimes a chaffinch loitered in her flight to the far-off wheat-fields.

It seemed strange that there should be any misery, any suffering. The girl could not realize it until they came out on top of the Spring Hill to the little clearing where the cabin stood, which in its utter desolation appeared to overwhelm her. There was no sign of a human presence anywhere. A silent robin sat idly on the chimney-top, while its mate flitted wistfully over the sunburnt grass. The place was so lonely that the gentle wind seemed to smother a sob. Below, the wide valley stretched away to the remote sky. And in this wretched hovel, on this solitary site, old

Simlin lived, like one ostracized from society.

"Wait here a moment," said the colonel, "while I go in first, and I will come and tell you."

He left them in the shade of the tall beech-trees, and they saw him go into the cabin. Though neither had spoken, they knew that upon each heart rested the same burden of dread. In the moment that followed there came over the young man an almost sickening anxiety, but the girl stood, awed only by the thought that perhaps even then the black wings of Death might be settling unknown within their very presence. Then she saw her father come to the door and beckon—the old man at least was not dead—and they went in together.

The place was far more bare and desolate than even its exterior had appeared. The rough boards of the floor were shrunken apart. Through the windows, unshielded by even a plank, the glaring light poured in a pitiless flood. A broken chair or two were propped against the wall, and in the corner an old pine table stood in a precarious condition upon its uneven legs.

There, stretched across the wretched bed, dressed in his grimy clothes, just as they had seen him at the foundry twenty-four hours ago, the old man lay insensible. All their restoratives were powerless to rouse him from this heavy stupor. Not even a muscle responded to their efforts. The half-closed eyes were glazed. There was no quiver now about the bloodless lips. The thin, emaciated face seemed thinner, more emaciated, for over all the features rested that sunk expression which those who look upon it behold with despair at their hearts. But for the slow rise and fall of his chest, they might have thought the last glimmer of life had died out of that frail form forever.

It was plain that they could not dare to move him, and the colonel carefully shaded the window with a few pieces of plank, still leaving free access to the air. Helen had quietly taken all the things from the basket, and set them ready for use, though there was little chance now that they could be of any avail. Safford stood at the foot of the bed, utterly unconscious of every thing at the moment but the prostrate figure before him. Since he entered the room he had hardly changed his position, only that he folded his arms across his breast, and drooped his head a little, as if in that attitude he might the more intently watch the sleeper.

When the colonel came and spoke to him he started up as if frightened, like one out of a dream, so that the elder man looked at him in surprise; but Safford, with a strong effort controlling himself, quickly said, in a husky voice:

"I beg your pardon. You startled me!"

"I only wanted to know how long you thought he could last?"

"I cannot tell. It may be until evening, hardly longer."

He was right. The day wore on without any apparent change until about the going down of the sun, when the old man moved a little. They had once or twice dropped a few drops of wine between his lips, but this was

the first symptom of any break in the heavy stupor which had held him so long in its death-like embrace. His respiration quickened, and became audible. He muttered one or two incoherent sentences, then a tremor passed over his features, and he opened his eyes.

Helen, whom her father had vainly endeavored during the afternoon to persuade into going home, stood with her head turned away; and the colonel, too intent upon watching the dying man, did not notice Safford, from whose face, at the first struggle in the inanimate form, every particle of color fled, and who, trembling violently all over, clutched the bed for support.

The old man for a moment looked about the room blankly, as if a haze obscured his vision. Raising himself slowly on his elbow, his face lighted up, and he opened his lips to speak, but as suddenly the light faded out, his features quivered pitifully, and he sank down, saying, brokenly, in an accent of despair :

"Dead—she is dead! She is dead!"

Then, starting up wildly, he cried out :

"Do not look at me like that, Hetty; you will kill me! It was not for the likes o' me to have married you. Now you are so white an' thin, an', Hetty, when I took ye to the church, yer cheeks were redder nor the summer rose. Oh, forgive me, Hetty—forgive me!"

A terrible struggle in his throat compelled him to pause for a moment, then he went on with rapid utterance, and an entreaty whose distress could hardly find expression in words :

"No, no, Hetty, do not ye call the little one that; I cannot bar it!—not that, not my name! I swear to ye, he shall not take after the likes of his father—he must not be like me! Hetty, I swear to ye, if I live, he shall never hear a low word, nor touch a drop o' whiskey! He shall have learnin', an' be a gentleman—a fine gentleman. Hetty, I've been a worthless dog—a brute, a beast! I can't hardly look at ye now—I darn't, that's sich a shinin' light about yer face—but hear me, Hetty, I swear to ye, the little one, even if yo will call him George Safford, shall grow up to be a hon— Hetty, you are so still! O Hetty!—dead! she is dead!"

Both the colonel and Helen turned with astonishment to young Safford when the old man, in his delirium, had spoken his name; but the latter, unconscious of their surprise, with a single cry, sprang forward, and supported the exhausted figure in his arms as it sank back.

"Father—my father!" The words broke from his lips in a voice painfully choked by emotion.

There was another severe struggle for breath, then, with renewed strength, the old man raised himself into a sitting posture, and, looking round quickly, began in a hurried manner, fumbling about with his hands :

"I'll go some place else; he mustn't see me again! He mustn't never know as I'm a-livin'. He mustn't never be disgraced by the likes o' me." He paused a moment, and the expression on his face changed. "It's a lie!" he cried, fiercely; "I ain't got no relatives, nor anybody to look after! It's all a

lie!" Then, shivering suddenly, he said, lowering his voice, and speaking softly to himself: "It's cold, but I'll not have no fire. Work—I must work! He's a gentleman. I said he should be a gentleman—and he's got learnin'—lots o' learnin'! No, no! I never seen you before—I never seen you before!"

The wild, terrified voice died with a rattling sound in his throat.

"Father, father, speak to me! It is I, George!"

Safford, in his agony, fell upon his knees. During the moment that followed there was profound silence; then Simlin opened his eyes, and said, gently :

"George! the little George!" A radiant light rested upon his thin face. He raised his trembling hands, and passed them unsteadily over the man's head. "Yer hair is soft an' black as horn, George. Hist! Don't ye hear her singin'?—Why, Hetty, I'm a-comin', Hetty!—I'm a-com—"

FLORENCE McLANDSBURGH.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE IN NEW JERSEY.

ON the 28th of August, 1815, the American bark Commerce, Captain Misservey, from Boulogne, ran the gauntlet of two English frigates outside Sandy Hook, and landed at New-York City. On board the Commerce were two passengers, to whom the captain paid every respect. They were registered as M. Bouchard, of Royan, and his secretary. Captain Misservey was pretty sure, however, that M. Bouchard was no other than the famous General Carnot, who, having risen late in Napoleon's life, had shown such astonishing traits of character in the last agony of the Hundred Days, that the great chief had paid him the sad compliment of saying, "We ought to have known one another sooner;" and the captain, when his distinguished guests had landed, was not slow, while detailing the great news from Europe—for he was only nine weeks out, and the siege of Paris, the reinstatement of the Bourbons, and the flight of the Bonapartes, were included in that news—the captain was not slow to announce that General Carnot had come over with him. The mayor of the city, when this news reached him, went at once to pay the respects of the municipality to so distinguished a representative of our great ally. The modest M. Bouchard, however, shrugged his shoulders in astonishment at being called General Carnot, and quite earnestly disclaimed the honor thrust upon him.

"You are not simply Monsieur Bouchard?" queried the mayor, surprised and disappointed.

"No."

"Nor General Carnot?"

"Nor General Carnot!"

"Then may I inquire under what title you do pass?"

"I pass under the title of the Count de Survilliers," responded the Frenchman. "But here in America I believe I may safely avow the truth. I am Joseph Bonaparte!"

Here was a surprise for the hospitable and

worthy mayor. General Carnot sank into a nobody compared with this distinguished visitor—the elder brother of that great Napoleon who was at that very hour, according to the reports, still waging a desperate and probably successful war against allied Europe—the brother of that terrible warrior, and, more than all, an ex-king—a double ex, in fact—of Naples and of Spain. What a triumph for republicanism was here, that so mighty a type of effete monarchism should be among the very first of the coming millions upon millions to seek an asylum upon the hospitable shores of the young, almost unfledged republic! You may be sure the municipality of New York was at once up in arms to do him honor.

Joseph Bonaparte, however, was not disposed to make his refuge in America too conspicuously. He was an essentially timid man, and, during his kingly apprenticeship, had more than once importuned his august brother to relieve him of the royal robes, that brought more glitter than comfort. He was disposed to keep very quiet, so long as quiet seemed at all necessary to his safety, and he was as yet by no means sure that America would prove a certain protection. He was possessed with the idea that an English, or Spanish, or French fleet might penetrate to New-York harbor, and demand him at the first intimation of his presence; or that some desperate English, Spanish, or French sailor, actuated by the immense rewards which the allied monarchs of Europe could well afford to pay, might force admission to his slimly-guarded home, and carry him, bound and gagged, to Europe. These fears were not so absolutely unreasonable when we consider that war preparations, as distant as the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, were not flashed under the ocean to all the realms of the earth in those days, and that the appearance of a hostile fleet in the lower bay might be the first declaration of war that allied Europe would be likely to give America. He therefore accepted only the most modest reception that the municipality offered, and announced thereat his intention of retiring immediately to some secluded country-place, where he could forget the storms of Europe, and end his life in the security and peace that attend alone upon the private citizen. He traveled with his secretary through the country for some time, leaving New York soon after his entrance, and finally determined to make his home in the beautiful village of Bordentown, New Jersey. Here the relics of his royalty exist in profusion.

On a heavily-wooded hill-side overlooking the Delaware River, and just on the border of Bordentown, he purchased eighteen hundred acres of land, on which he erected his palace. It was a magnificent house for those days, built of brick, and covered with white plaster, with a slanting roof, high dormer windows, narrow "bulls' eyes" under the broad, sloping eaves, heavy oaken window-shutters, and broad door-ways, with wooden columns on each side. But inside were a grand staircase, and great reception and dining rooms, and huge fireplaces with marble mantels, sculptured with marvelous workmanship, and bedchambers hung with rarest

tapestry, and magnificent old paintings, some by the very oldest of the old masters, and most of them presented to Joseph in his regal days by his kinsman, Cardinal Fesch. The grounds were laid out in the most picturesque style of Joseph's favorite retreats of his most prosperous days. The monarch had reserved at least his princely tastes when he threw off his imperial pretensions. Graveled walks and drives led in a bewildering maze through thickly-foliated arbors, and deep woods; over sharp, bold hills, whence the silver Delaware could be seen for miles stretching away to the sea; down into fresh, dewy valleys, with splashing rivulets bursting through them; over rustic bridges; by miniature cascades turning miniature mill-wheels; by handsome statuary, placed here and there in secluded corners, where you came upon them unawares; and by a large lake, dotted with islands, with a rustic boat-house on its shores and a fleet of small boats on its waters.

It took time to accomplish this wonder of landscape-gardening. The statuary and the paintings and the sculptured mantels all came in half-smuggled cargoes across the sea, and artists came over to lay out the ground, and time was consumed in the perfecting of the palace itself, so that it was three years before Joseph Bonaparte permanently took up his court at Bordentown. But in those three years he had not forgotten the dangers that assailed him, and the dread of sudden and informal extradition by some allied man-of-war oppressed him as powerfully as on his first entrance to New-York City. And now he took measures of prevention that seem, in our clearer light of to-day, to be excessively preposterous. He built a high tower on one of the hills of his park, from the top of which, hidden himself by the surrounding foliage of his highest oaks, he could scan the long stretch of the Delaware toward the sea, and the open roads leading to Bordentown, to Trenton, and northward toward New York, for that dreaded messenger of evil that he expected at any moment.

In addition to his observatory, the exile dug subterranean passages through his grounds, leading from secret trap-doors inside his dwelling to secluded exits in various parts of the grounds, some opening upon the river-bank, and others ending in deep and dark recesses of the wood far away. The remains of these dark passages are yet to be seen. The iron door-ways, in many places, have fallen away, and in others the apertures have been walled up; but the secret paths in many places can be followed for a long distance, generally being stopped by the caving in of the earth-bed above them. These road-ways are about six feet high, and wide enough for three men to walk abreast. They are walled on both sides, and arched above with brick. Joseph, it need not be said, found no use for his subterranean refuges; but, in later years, an escaped convict from the State-prison at Trenton took refuge in the park from the hue and cry of the neighborhood, and disappeared so effectually that he has never been accounted for since, and is supposed to have lost himself in the winding ways underground, and to have died there of starvation.

But one precaution against his forcible abduction which the exiled king also took was worth all the rest. He made himself a prime favorite with the people of Bordentown. He made gifts to the little city in various ways, helped its deserving poor with a lavish hand, visited among the townspeople, gave balls and entertainments to them at the palace, spoke the most liberal republican sentiment in his intercourse with them, and made himself beloved, not only as a mere matter of policy, but greatly because there was a good deal in his composition that was charitable and lovable. He laid out, at his own expense, the dirt-road over which the visitor of to-day trudges or drives to the "Bonaparte Place," and donated some handsome pictures to an embryo academy of design in the pretty village. Besides, as his safety became more assured, and the place of his retreat better known, his fame brought many visitors to Bordentown, all with grist to Bordentown mills in their sacks, who would not otherwise have come; and, as sympathy for France was firmly ingrained in the rugged Bordentown composition which had fought with Lafayette on the field of Brandywine, it is no wonder that the little village became proud of the exiled monarch, and owed honorary allegiance to him, and fondly designated him as "the king," and called his house "the palace." Indeed, this pride extended to the whole State, and the free Legislature of New Jersey recognized him as a worthy citizen, although he never took out naturalization papers, by legalizing, in a special act, his purchase of real estate, and allowing him, at his pleasure, to acquire more. This, in New Jersey, whose intense republicanism and love of liberty have become proverbial even in republican and liberty-loving America, is no mean acknowledgment of the good that was in Joseph Bonaparte's heart, and the good that he did.

For fourteen years, Joseph Bonaparte lived unmolested in his New-Jersey palace, and the incidents of his modest reign there are now almost wholly matters of tradition. It is known that he was accompanied by his secretary, Monsieur Maillard, through the whole of that period, and by his daughters, the Princesses Zenaide and Charlotte, a great part of the time. The young Prince Lucien Murat, second son of the ill-fated King of Naples, who came with his mother and elder brother Achille to America soon after his father's tragic end, also made his residence for some time with the king, who was, it will be remembered, also his uncle. Bordentown tradition states that he was the chief aide of the exiled king, and that his munificence and gallantry made him the cherished darling of the little city, and tales are yet whispered by wheezy old ladies of the courtly things which the young prince said to them during the receptions at the palace, and the wild doings and mad freaks with which he diverted the citizens. The residence of the handsome prince is yet shown to the inquisitive—a low, two-story, plastered brick house, just outside the Bonaparte tract, with sloping roof, antique cornices, narrow windows, and heavy shutters, all remaining just as they were in the days of the prince's residence, unchanged,

except in its inmates and its furnishing—ragged children of many families, and brawny laborers of many nationalities, now overrunning the tenement-house that used to be the dainty prince's home. Lucien became somewhat noted for his prodigious size and for his horse-jockeying propensities during his residence in New Jersey, and many a shrewd Jerseyman of that day found himself worsted in a horse-swap by the elegant Frenchman. In 1848 he returned to France, and was elected to the Assembly from his father's native town. He had hoped to profit by the revolutionary upturnings of that day, but, we believe, never rose higher than the privilege of displaying his immense proportions, all bedecked with orders and brilliants in the suite of his cousin, Napoleon the Little.

Tradition is equally trustworthy in many other incidents of the exile's residence. The town is still full of the glories of the great ball which Joseph gave to the Mexican delegation, when they had come all the way in stage-coaches from New York, two days' journey, to offer him the imperial crown of Mexico; and again, several of the elderly gentlemen and ladies of Bordentown, and a great many younger people who could not by their own calculation have been over two years of age at the time, remember vividly the great reception that Joseph gave in the great dining-room, and in the park, which was almost ablaze with colored lanterns, when his two daughters, the princesses, joined him, sending a strapping courier on ahead from New York to say that they were coming. These and dozens of other memories remain to a few of the octogenarians of Bordentown, and many more retain the traditions of them, handed down from sire to son as honorable and interesting episodes in the family record.

The little colony of Bonapartists loyally cherished the memory of the greater brother throughout their term of exile. Joseph had himself brought to America the disastrous news of his brother's surrender to the British, but it was some months later that the news of his imprisonment at St. Helena reached them. It is said that the little colony fasted for several days on the receipt of the news, and had a priest come from Bordentown to conduct the services prescribed for days of tribulation, and Joseph wore mourning for the rest of his life. When, subsequently, some friends, trying to divert him from his melancholy, suggested the necessity of a name for his place of residence, he said, sadly: "This is my St. Helena. Let it be called St. Helena." And it was so called until it changed hands in 1833, and the name is not wholly ignored even now. The prosaic owner of the present day has given no fanciful designation to the romantic spot—and it is romantic and beautiful, though sadly deteriorated from the royal residence of Joseph's day—but the new generation of Bordentown, with more regard for the antiquities than could have been expected from the population of a truly Yankee village, call it the "Bonaparte Place," though its owner is named Becket, and the old inhabitants alternately designate it "The Palace" and "St. Helena." Joseph sent a large amount of money to his imprisoned brother, on learning that he was in almost destitute

circumstances, and had to sell a portion of his lands, statuary, pictures, and horses, reducing his state and establishment quite effectually for the purpose.

Some years after his exile had begun, a deputation of Mexicans waited upon him, and tendered him the imperial crown of Mexico, and his answer to their proposition was somewhat remarkable. He said that he had already worn two crowns, and had used his best efforts to secure happiness to his subjects. But in these efforts he had failed, and he had come to the conclusion that a monarchy was not the best method of attaining the greatest good of the people. His illustrious brother and himself had acted always in pursuance of that one end, and, while he believed it possible that monarchical government in the older countries of Europe might eventually succeed in perfecting a system which would secure that desirable end, his residence in America, among her free institutions and people, had convinced him that republican rule was best, at least on the American Continent. This reply was, doubtless, very discouraging to the Mexican deputation, but it strengthened very greatly the cordiality and affection existing between Joseph and the Jersaymen.

Lafayette visited the dethroned monarch in 1824, during his triumphal tour of this country, and patched up the differences that had existed between them because of Lafayette's support of the Bourbon claims in France. It is even stated that Lafayette took occasion during the visit to deplore his course in the matter as a mistaken one, and to offer, provided the money could be raised for the purpose, to seat the young Duke of Reichstadt on his father's throne. These negotiations, if they were ever made, failed of consummation, Joseph not caring to give the main authority in such a movement to one who had not proved thoroughly trustworthy in the past. The idea of restoring the Napoleonic dynasty, however, had long been a cherished hope with him, and the proposition of Lafayette was doubtless a strong argument in favor of its feasibility. It is certain that he occupied a great part of the remainder of his exile in the conduct of very voluminous correspondence with Maria Louisa, her father the Emperor of Austria, Prince Metternich, and other powerful officials of Europe, and with the Chamber of Deputies of France, looking to the establishment of the young Napoleon II. on the French throne. In all these letters, Joseph, whose ambition seemed to have stirred anew as soon as his safety was secured, takes occasion to emphasize the necessity in any movement for the younger Napoleon that the claimant should be accompanied by an experienced guide like himself, one whose devotion to the founder of the dynasty was unquestionable, and whose fame, all over Europe, was a bond for his integrity. He remembers also to dilate upon the resemblance of his own person to that of Napoleon—which is said to have been quite remarkable—and to argue that the figure of the Little Corporal was so dear to the French nation that a counterfeit presentment of him in the person of a guide would be sufficient of itself to carry the young heir triumphantly to the

throne—an argument which, it will be remembered, was put into use by a newer claimant at Strasburg, some time afterward, with rather ridiculous effect. Joseph was unable, however, to enlist the sympathies of any European monarchs very ardently in his scheme, and he gave up his hopes of its success forever in 1832, when he was summoned to the death-bed of the young heir. By this time the peace of Europe had become so firmly settled that the Bonaparte family were no longer objects of terror. The grave at Longwood covered forever all that made it strong enough to be feared, and it is no exaggeration to say that the "dead corsé" of St. Helena created more disturbance in the minds of the monarchs of Europe on its interment in the Invalides than Joseph did on his reappearance, after a seventeen years' exile, in the prime of life, and with his ambitious hopes and schemes well known. He remained in Europe, plotting and vowing in a timid way, undisturbed except by a few small restrictions—the chief among them being a prohibition against his entering France—until he died—a very good sort of man, if a mistaken vocation had not been thrust upon him, one who might have thrived and fattened on his farm in Corsica, with a squire's or magistrate's humble duties and responsibilities laid upon him, perhaps, and leaving an honored name, sincerely lamented among his neighbors, had not his younger brother's overwhelming genius dragged him along in its wake to the less congenial destiny of royalty and exile.

The palace at Bordentown has never known a royal occupant since. It was bequeathed, with the grounds, by Joseph, on his death, to his secretary, M. Maillard, whose son, several years ago, sold it to a Mr. Becket, a Philadelphia broker. The latter, on taking possession, tore down the antique palace, and in its stead erected a handsome country-residence of the later style, and with all the modern improvements. The sculptured mantels of the old house are retained in the new, and some of the finest statuary in the park are still preserved in the rotunda of the present building. The gardener's house, a quarter of a mile away, remains almost undecorated either by time or the relic-gatherer. A Scotchman, who served the king as gardener when a boy, still occupies the house, and gives visitors homely information about the departed majesty. The veritable Bonaparte cupboard stands in the gardener's dining-room, and holds the gardener's humble plate; and an old painting, bearing evidence of a master's hand, hangs, slightly smoke-stained and soiled, upon the gardener's walls. But the old royalty is departed. The magnificent furniture of the royal reception-room has been sold under the auctioneer's hammer; the park is almost a ruin; the lake looks like a frog-pond; the beautiful drives are full of ruts, and are overrun with weeds; the subterranean passages are open in places to the day; and railway-trains shriek and scream as they whirl hourly by the site of the tall observatory whence Joseph watched for the solitary horseman that should warn him of danger.

"It's nigh on to forty year' sin' I saw

him," said the gardener, as I questioned him about his remembrances of the king. "I was a boy about twel' then. Ye wad never tak' him for a king. He was so kind and soft like. There was alway a kind o' far-awa' look in his e'e. Them up to the palace always ca'ed him 'your majesty' and 'sire,' but me father was gardener for him then, and he was a full-blood Scotchman, and he always ca'ed him 'your honor' or 'Maister Buuaparte,' and I thank the king liked it. I can remember wan day he stood here talking wi' father about the crop—they wore knee-breeches and laced coots them days, and he was dressed like that—and he had that far-awa' look in his e'e. Father said sonthin' aboot the weather, and the king said na a word in reply. He just looked sad-like and abstracted, as if he were looking across-seas to St. Helena, and then he walked awa' wi' his head doon and his hands under his coot-tails, and you might a' tuk him for the image o' his brither!"

CHARLES GORE SHANKE.

COCKATOO AND COMPLICATION.

I.

"IS the cockatoo well this morning, Mrs. Strutt?"

"I think so, Mr. Strutt."

"Has the cockatoo been fed, Mrs. Strutt?"

"I think so, Mr. Strutt."

"I did not ask you what you thought, Mrs. Strutt; I asked you what you knew."

"I don't know any thing about it, Mr. Strutt!"

"I thought so, Mrs. Strutt, I taought so!"

"I suppose Muffins has fed him; it is her business to do so, Mr. Strutt."

"And when, let me inquire, Mrs. Strutt, did a lady's-maid ever do her duty?"

"Oh! I think Muffins is very particular, Mr. Strutt."

"Where is Muffins?" said Mr. Strutt, anxiously.

"Gone out of an errand for me, Mr. Strutt."

"Why is Muffins out when I want her? I want to see Muffins.—Thomson, get me Muffins, immediately."

"Yes, sir; 'av 'em 'ot, sir?" said English Thomson.

"No, no, no!—That comes, Mrs. Strutt, of your having a maid with such a ridiculous name!—Mrs. Strutt's maid, Muffins! Where is she, Thomson? Where is Muffins?"

"Gone hout, sir, for misses."

"Now, my dear, why do you send Muffins out at such an unseasonable hour? My only comfortable hour in the whole day ruined by not knowing if the cockatoo has been fed or not! Why do you send Muffins out, Mrs. Strutt?"

"Is Muffins my maid or yours, Mr. Strutt?"

Mr. Strutt colored at this question. He was afraid of his calm wife, although he liked to knag her. He was the genius of impatience, she as cool as the proverbial cucumber. Mr. Strutt was devoted to pets, and had a cockatoo, as may have been imagined from the foregoing dialogue, which, with the monkey, the terrier-dog, and the fine old Maltese cat,

not to speak of four canaries and a mocking-bird, made the house at times a confused spot.

"Thomson! do you know if the cockatoo has been fed?" resumed Mr. Strutt.

"I expect he ain't, sir!" said Thomson, who had a grudge against Mrs. Muffins.

"There, Mrs. Strutt! I told you so! I go and buy an expensive bird, Mrs. Strutt, one which I prize highly, and I request it to be cared for, and this is the result, Mrs. Strutt!"

"Try the cockatoo yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Strutt, soothingly; "when we want an animal to love us, we always feed it. Try the cockatoo yourself."

"No, madam, I shall not ruin the health of my cockatoo by injudicious feeding. If he has been fed, it might be fatal; if he has not been fed, further waiting may be fatal. Oh! where is Muffins?"

A ring at the basement-door seemed to announce Muffins, and that worthy woman, having been summoned, announced the fact that the cockatoo had been fed!

This was a great blow to Mr. Strutt. He had determined to have a grievance, and he felt wronged, outraged, insulted, and revengeful. He sulked all the rest of the day.

Mrs. Strutt is altogether too nice a person to be thus dragged in at the tail of a cockatoo, but such was her destiny, and such her setting. Mr. Strutt was short, black-haired, fierce, cowardly, and fussy. His face was red, and so were his eyes. Mrs. Strutt was tall, composed, beautiful, with hair white as snow, thanks to Mr. Strutt, years before it should have been, but, as it retained its luxuriance, and surrounded an exquisite face, it perhaps was not less lovely for its loss of color. Time can do us much greater harm than to powder our heads.

"How much you are like Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Mrs. Braddyll!" said our great American Titian, as he painted Mrs. Strutt's picture, making much of her powdered *chevelure* in his spring Academy pictures.

"You have exactly the style of the Princesse de Lamballe," said Monsieur Monplaisir, as he did Mrs. Strutt in pastel.

Mrs. Strutt was accustomed to compliments. She had always been a great beauty, and cared little for the homage which was paid her. Why had she married Mr. Strutt? Alas! why does any man marry any woman, or any woman any man? That is, as Dunderby says, one of those things which no fellow can find out.

Having taken Mr. Strutt very much for the worse, Mrs. Strutt subdued the world by enduring him, and making the best of him. No flirtations had ever embellished her pure life, no revenges for a happiness denied. Mrs. Strutt never played *femme incomprise*. She took refuge in higher things. Mr. Strutt adored her in his way. She was really more to him than the cockatoo, or the parrot, or the monkey, or the other pets; but she was not enough to him to save her from his irritable temper, she was not too good to be knagged. He had no conception of the miles of territory in his wife's heart and brain which lay beyond his comprehension; he knew that she was handsome, stately, dignified, and

sweet, that she did great honor to his wealth and social position, that she was his, therefore something to bore and to torment—that Mr. Strutt knew and acted upon.

On the other side of Mrs. Strutt started up a character, with whom she was brought into daily communion; equally antagonistic to her was her brother's wife, Mrs. Harry Harford. This brother of hers seemed to have the same inability to marry his mate which had belonged to Mrs. Strutt. He was a sober, sincere, real creature, full of gifts and full of shyness, the sort of man to receive trusts, and be the guardian of orphans, a man of the noblest sincerity. He had, consequently, married a thread-paper, a woman with whom the word "sincerity" would never have been for one moment associated. Her decided prettiness suggested at once the quality which, in architecture, is called lath-and-plaster. She was an artificial rose, made of wire, and cambric, and glue, and paper, and paint, body and soul; there was no reality in her: her mind, her convictions, her religion, her appetites, her passions, and her dress, were all made of flimsy, and poor, and pretentious, and showy materials.

No, I do her wrong: one appetite was real, that of love of admiration; one passion was sincere, that of egotism. She was a sublime egotist. It suggested genius, the way she brought every thing round to herself. Her opinion of the male animal was, either that he was a poor martyr, rendered helpless by her refusing to love him, or a crowned king, anointed by her having consented to smile on him; else a vacuous creature in limbo, from not yet having been brought within the sphere of her influence, sure to go down where he was, poor thing!

She made pretensions to intellect and to the highest religious ecstasy; and, as such people always do, she deceived a few, but the attitude of the general public was one of amused contempt toward Mrs. Harry Harford. She had some very good qualities, too—she was not envious or jealous; in fact, she never gave time or thought enough to other people for either. Conceited people are apt to be amiable, they are so happy in themselves; they sit contemplating their own portraits, and have no time for detraction. She was externally very good-natured, caressing in her manner, and full of flattery, unless her great claim to universal adulation were disallowed; then woe to everybody!

Mrs. Harry had passed that fatal Rubicon to artificial flowers; she was forty "odd" (as people charitably say to save your feelings, as if it made any sort of difference, after that fatal tocsin has sounded, whether it is odd or even!). She was quite forty odd, and it began to look a little odd to see her dancing with men young enough to be her sons; but she had yet—this elderly Venus—some lingering Adonis at her heels, the younger the more *devoté*; so, between fine clothes, religion, and the German, Mrs. Harry was getting on very well and ignoring old Time, when a dreadful rival appeared on the field in the person of Mrs. Strutt's daughter Gertrude.

Ah, Gertrude! here was a pure and perfect chrysolite! here was Mrs. Strutt's cool well of sweet waters. She was not as beauti-

ful as her mother, but she was a delicious young creature; dewy, dark eyes; a forehead a little too high for beauty, but so shaped that it was not unfeminine, particularly as her dark hair was wavy, giving it that Correggio outline which is always delightful. Gertrude was pale, but her lips had a scarlet dash, like a pomegranate freshly cut. I must run away from the tropical fruits, for Gertrude was not in the least like Pomona. She was a little too ethereal; a little too much of the rarefied American type; but that was so much the better for her dancing, which was worthy of Sir John Suckling's famous description:

"And oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Was half so fine a sight!"

This was "murder most foul" to Mrs. Harry, who had never been jealous of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Strutt, as the ambitions of the two were too far apart. Mrs. Strutt had respect; Mrs. Harry had *notoriety*, which satisfied her pinchbeck ambition just as well. Mrs. Strutt had a great deal of gratuitous admiration; Mrs. Harry had much compelled adulation. Mrs. Strutt had but to wave her hand to have banished Mrs. Harry from the realms of fashion forever; but she did not wish to wave it. She bore with her, for she loved her brother; and he, in a patient, manly, generous, disappointed way, loved his artificial rose; so Mrs. Strutt had stood between Mrs. Harry Harford and contempt, had apologized, defended, protected her; while Mrs. Harry, one of whose maxims was, "Never abuse or neglect a person when he or she is in a powerful position," had looked up to and liked Mrs. Strutt, who never was in her way, never wishing for the same things which she wished for, never was ungenerous or mean.

But Gertrude!—quite a different thing. The natural rose paled the artificial one, and nineteen is a severe rival for forty odd. Mrs. Strutt began to observe a series of manœuvres, which would have been absurd if they had not been pitiful, and pitiful if they had not been so absurd.

But there it was: there is nothing so absurd, or so pitiful, or so unnatural, or so improbable, as that which really happens.

No end of beaux had Gertrude. She had a singular fascination for a girl so pure and good as she, for it is not always the best shrine which attracts the greatest number of worshipers. The fairest peaches are apt to hang the highest, and be out of reach. But Gertrude had the gift of fascination. She would look in a man's face beseechingly with those pure, dewy eyes of hers, in a way which was fatal to the masculine heart. Those red lips of hers seemed to say:

"And this, could I gratify both, would I do:
An angel appear to all others beside,
But still be a woman to you."

So, like the hops in a fine season, in Kent, or Sussex, or in Otsego County, came the lovers. All the help which could be got could not gather the half of them. Gertrude should have united the sixty thousand unmarried superfluous female population of a certain State to help her gather them—her crop of lovers.

She, poor girl, only wanted one of them; and him, her father said, she should not have,

Mrs. Harry Harford would have gladly assisted at the lover-gathering; but this piece of egotistical insufficiency was getting tiresome, and the beaux would not follow the waving of her white plume.

Over one, and one only, had Mrs. Harry some power. Through gratitude for many social favors, Herbert Alexander was a sort of *attaché* of hers; and he, as luck would have it, was the man whom Gertrude liked, and whom her father hated.

Mrs. Strutt saw, then, a detestable piratical craft bearing down on her beloved young frigate (if one must be nautical); and she saw, too, that peppery man-of-war, Mr. Strutt, sailing athwart her bows.

How easily, with a few of her well-directed guns, could she have silenced the pirate! but, alas! the pirate carried a hostage. Mrs. Strutt could not, and would not, wound her brother, Harry Harford.

As to Mrs. Strutt, she had but to be patient and wait her opportunity. She was sad and sorry over this business, for Gertrude had been her one comfort. Now she must look at Gertrude with a pain in her heart, something to be fought for. There are some draughts which we think we can take without finding a bitter taste in the cup; but, alas! there it is, lingering down in the sugar. We cannot get rid of it.

The cockatoo came to her rescue once, and gave her breathing-time.

"Now, Mrs. Strutt," said her husband, hearing young Alexander talking with his daughter in the drawing-room, "there is a man that I won't have in the house. I won't have him sighing round Gertrude; he has not a cent, and I intend that my daughter shall marry well. I do not intend that she shall marry a beggar."

Here came a loud, a piercing shriek of a most discordant character, a fluttering of wings, a tumbling of furniture, and a sudden laugh.

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Strutt, the cockatoo!"

Yes, indeed! Mr. Strutt ran into the parlor, to find that the cockatoo had flown at the gas, singeing a little his beautiful white and rose colored feathers. He was subject, like most pets, to occasional fits of insanity and a desire of suicide.

"Thank you, Mr. Alexander, for your courage and presence of mind!—Bind up Mr. Alexander's hand, Mrs. Strutt, with your pocket-handkerchief.—A very valuable bird, Mr. Alexander, but a little wild occasionally."

So poor Alexander, his hand torn and lacerated by the cockatoo's beak and angry claws, got an extension of time. Mr. Strutt conceived a temporary liking for the conservator of the cockatoo.

Mrs. Strutt had always been his friend. She saw in him those qualities which had been wanting in her own married happiness. She believed in his truth, his honesty, his energy, and good temper. She was willing to trust her daughter to him.

II.

We have now to take our readers out of the hot city to one of those rural pleasure-grounds of which the neighborhood of New

York is so full, where we find the Strutt family, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harford, Herbert Alexander, and four hundred others, enjoying the comforts of the Hotel Reservoir, on the Heights. Here, with splendid breezes from land and from sea, the ladies enjoy the summer mornings, are rather languid and sleepy during the afternoon, but pick up courage as they hear the distant whistle of the cars or boat, and drive down in beautiful hats and in pretty pony-carriages for the warm and weary men from town.

It is getting to be rather monotonous, this watering-place life, and they determine to introduce some foreign element into their amusement. Tableaux and private theatricals are determined upon. Every gentleman comes up from town freighted with small, yellow-covered play-books, and there is much discussion whether the play shall be "The Jacobin," or "The Follies of a Night," or "The Winter's Tale," or "London Assurance," or "Anne Carew," or "The Happy Pair," or "Two can play at that Game." As for the tableaux, they range from *Richard Cœur de Lion* to Richard Swiveller, and include all the Thomases, Richards, and Henrys, of history, romance, and fiction.

Prominent and very useful in the discussion are the charming French couple, Monsieur and Madame La Farouche, from New Orleans. Having all the suavity, accomplishment, and pretty accent, of their own and their adopted country (for the creoles have their own graces), Monsieur and Madame La Farouche are very deservedly popular. Madame is a dark-eyed, Cleopatra-like beauty; monsieur is small, brilliant, active, well-bred, with great knowledge of affairs; charms the gentlemen with his sensible talk on the boat going up and down the river; charms the ladies and children of an evening by his vivacity, his knowledge of games, and his perfect good-nature, and is admired for his devotion to Acilie, his wife, so unlike the volatile habit of his nation.

Of course monsieur and madame are uncommonly useful in the plays and tableaux. The Hotel Reservoir becomes a scene of unexampled activity. The piazza which belongs to Mrs. Strutt's suite of rooms is very much invaded by people who come to ask her advice about the private theatricals, for she is always a leader.

The splendid, dark-eyed Acilie, Madame La Farouche, has won Mr. Strutt's heart by tastefully quoting those lines of Story's about the cockatoo, for the pet bird has been brought to the Hotel Reservoir. Madame La Farouche caresses him with her slender finger, and says:

"Hark to my Indian beauty,
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers,
That flash across the light!
Look! listen! as backward and forward,
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly sings!"

"Admirably remembered, my dear madame!" said the delighted Strutt. — "My dear, you must have Madame La Farouche read something aloud at your theatricals!"

"Madame La Farouche is down for a dozen parts," said Mrs. Strutt, smiling.

But one young face looked sad, one heart

was heavy, in this gay crowd. It was Gertrude's; for Mrs. Harry Harford had carried off Herbert Alexander, horse, foot, and dragoons. It is often said that a pure and honest attachment steals a man's heart against any other temptation; but one season in New York, one view of a woman like Mrs. Harry Harford, wielding the weapons of social influence and coquetry, will disprove any such assertion. Women of the world have much to offer a young man in the way of dinners, invitations, social advancement, and the like; then they have flattery, most potent of enchanters. Herbert would not have followed Mrs. Harry for any admiration for her; but he followed he knew not what—an *ignis fatuus*, which he called gratitude; he followed, in fact, because she led him. He was a victim to a wily intelligence.

He had already promised to play with her in a little comedy which contained a passionate love-scene. It was one of those adaptations from the French which contained a distinct and deliberate attack on the institution of marriage, such a one as has frequently disgraced our stage. It was exactly the rôle to charm the distempered admiration of Mrs. Harry Harford. She was to play the beautiful, misunderstood, emotional heroine. Herbert Alexander was to play the devoted, chivalrous, honorable lover who was to save her from the wretched, vulgar, brutal wretch who paid her bills, bore with her caprices, and called himself her husband.

An inspiration came to Mrs. Strutt one morning after witnessing the rehearsal of this piece.

"Herbert plays very badly," said Mrs. Strutt. "He is not at all equal to you, Fanny" (this to Mrs. Harry); "suppose we change him, and put Monsieur La Farouche in his place; he will be vastly better."

Fanny Harford, to tell the truth, was a very good actress, and she played this rôle *con amore*. Herbert was Anglo-Saxon, stiff and awkward. The stage is a false perspective, and it does not unfrequently happen that the people who are *not* the most admirable before the foot-lights are very good behind them. By this I do not mean to attack the profession of an actor, for which I have a great respect, but I merely say what I have noticed in private theatricals.

Monsieur La Farouche had begun to make himself very agreeable to Mrs. Harry Harford, and she did not much object to the proposition. He of course accepted the rôle with enthusiasm, and played it, it must be acknowledged, very much better than poor Herbert could have done. Herbert felt as if he were suddenly let out of prison. He breathed a "purer ether, a serener air." He was not old enough or experienced enough in the ways of the world to know what had been the matter, but he knew that the world looked brighter, and that he and Gertrude seemed, by a special act of grace, to have been reunited.

But Mr. Strutt, taking a walk at twilight, discovered, in a shady cove of the Hudson River, a boat drawn up to land. In the boat was a manly figure, and, standing on the little wharf, a beautiful white image; and around the white waist was a black line, which looked

fatal like a human arm. The manly figure was pleading with and embracing the white figure. Mr. Strutt was some distance off, and rather short-sighted, but he believed and feared that this was his daughter Gertrude, and, with her, Herbert Alexander.

Before he could reach the spot the vision had vanished. He went up to the Hotel Reservoir breathing fire and fury.

Madame La Farouche met him at the door. For some reason known only to herself, the gorgeous Acilie was very attentive to Mr. Strutt. "He must come and see the rehearsal; his opinion was the only one she valued; she should play to him and him only."

The hotel began to wonder, to gossip, and to laugh. Two flirtations were progressing most favorably, and every one knows how much obliged the inhabitants of a watering-place hotel are to those who will posture for them in this most entertaining of absorptions, *on dit*, "Mrs. Harry Harford had carried off Monsieur La Farouche, and madame was absolutely bewildering old Strutt!" for the population of Hotel Reservoir was an irreverent one, and they did not always affix titles.

Mr. Strutt had found time, however, to object to the Herbert-Gertrude intimacy, and to introduce a certain heavy Mr. Mundell, who he informed Mrs. Strutt was to be his prospective son-in-law. As for a penniless boy, he would have none of him. *Exit* Herbert. The preparations for the theatricals and tableaux went on vigorously. Three eternal bateds, four irreconcilable quarrels, any number of heart-burnings had already taken place, and two families had left the hotel, indignant because there had been no parts given to their daughters. People who loved each other in the morning, addressed dignified notes to each other in the afternoon, beginning "madame" or "sir," and demanded immediate satisfaction. There was a moral breeze blowing through that first-class hotel, that beat the breeze which came up the river by three points. Private theatricals develop character, as nothing else but travel can do! Set off to take a journey to Europe, with your intimate friend, and you are apt to find him out. Play *Pylades* to his *Orestes*, and you will also find him out. Mrs. Strutt preserved a dignified neutrality; she had declined parts for herself and Gertrude from the first. Mrs. Harry Harford was also serene, for, absorbed in herself and that dear Frenchman, what did she care for all the rest of the world? And the rest of the company looked at her, and said, "Was ever such a fool?" and let her go. The Mrs. Harry Harfords are the happy and successful people of the world. They live in a glorious atmosphere of their own creation, and they are not of sufficient importance to the rest of the world to be annoyed by adverse criticism. People laugh, and pass by on the other side.

But Madame La Farouche and Mr. Strutt! That was getting serious. Expeditions to town to get articles for her theatrical toilet, appeals to his taste, judgment, and liberality! they were playing for a charity, and in that sacred name the gentlemen were adjured to be very liberal. Mr. Strutt began to be mysterious and abstracted—even the cockatoo noticed it, and having been misdirected by some

naughty boys, used a new phrase which had been taught him; "What's the matter, what's the matter, what's the matter, old man?" screamed the creamy Indian bird.

Mr. Strutt covered him up hastily with a towel, and hung him in obscurity.

There was thunder in the air, there was tragedy in the Hotel Reservoir, as well as comedy.

Mr. Mundell, introduced by Mr. Strutt, was a quiet and heavy man, and, finding Miss Gertrude not at all approachable, had joined the group of married ladies at the far end of Mrs. Strutt's piazza, and had finally got to be quite a friend of hers. He was evidently a sensible person, but one of the men who always appear at their worst in the society of young girls. Mrs. Strutt felt sorry for him, particularly as she believed he had been encouraged to believe that his attentions to Gertrude would be favorably received; so, after a time, he and she got to be rather good friends.

On one occasion he asked her rather abruptly, "What do you know of Monsieur and Madame La Farouche?"

Mrs. Strutt colored, for she saw the attitude of Mr. Strutt, and, although she was incapable of jealousy, nay, even in her hours of weakness rather rejoiced if any other woman would take Mr. Strutt off her hands, she yet did not wish him to be made ridiculous—Mrs. Strutt decidedly colored, and looked annoyed. But it did not take her long to recover her composure and answer:

"Oh! we do not know more of them than that they are rich New-Orleans people, and they brought letters to some of our New-York friends. They are all right, I think!"

"Well, Mrs. Strutt, I do not," said Mr. Mundell; "I think they are all wrong."

"If that is so," said Mrs. Strutt, quickly, "my sister, Mrs. Harry Harford, must not play with monsieur!"

She immediately told Mrs. Harford of the rumor, and advised inquiry, and suspension of intimacy, but Mrs. Harry was furious, and refused to be warned. She even put her slave, poor Harry Harford, on the alert, and he asked some questions about the French couple, all of which were satisfactorily answered, and he became (in the attitude of Mrs. Harry Harford's husband) their valiant supporter.

So Mrs. Strutt waited for further confirmation, and, taking her pale daughter with her, took drives and sails on the river, trying to comfort Gertrude for the breaking up of her "love's young dream," and for the enforced departure of Herbert, but all in vain.

The day but one before the play was to come off, Mr. Strutt and Madame La Farouche departed in the early boat for New York. They were to order the flowers, the last new decorations, and the band of Tyrolese singers, who were to give a more original air than usual to the great entertainment. Mrs. Strutt and Gertrude sat sewing on the piazza, the cockatoo screaming aloud discordantly, "What's the matter, what's the matter, old man?" over their heads, when a telegram was put in Mrs. Strutt's hand:

"Come immediately to town! Mr. Strutt is planning to elope with Madame La Farouche. Go to the Tyrolean concert-room in Seventh Avenue, and await events, if you would save him." MUNDELL."

A surging sea swept over poor, calm Mrs. Strutt. First of all (shall we confess it?), a blessed vision of relief! she should be rid of Mr. Strutt, and forever! She would let him go and welcome; but better thoughts came to her rescue. She looked at that pale and pretty Gertrude; no, no disgrace must touch her; she looked at her watch and found that she had ample time to reach the "eleven" train. Then she would trust to luck. She had sworn to love, honor, and protect Mr. Strutt, for she was by far the superior being of the two, and she must do it. Yes, she would protect her poor, knagging, disagreeable husband, and bring him back repentant.

When Mr. Strutt, much agitated, arrived at the rendezvous to which Madame La Farouche had directed him (for he had been obliged to go down to the bank, and draw some checks, and fill his pockets with gold), he met *Mrs. Strutt*.

The cockatoo would have had occasion for his loudest questioning had he seen Mr. Strutt at this moment!

"I have seen Madame La Farouche, and she has told me who she is; she needs a handsome sum to buy her silence; pay it at once, and come with me back to the Hotel Reservoir; do it for Gertrude's sake. Madame La Farouche plays this game every summer for money, Mr. Strutt!"

"But she loves me so!" said the poor, deluded man.

"Here is her letter, or confession rather, which she has given Mr. Mundell. Read it."

Alas for Strutt! It was even as his wife had said. She even called him an old fool! and, to avoid arrest, she had obeyed Mundell to the letter. Gone she was to parts unknown, and Mr. Strutt never saw her again.

As they returned on the afternoon boat, no one could have suspected what a day Mrs. Strutt had had, but Mr. Strutt looked as if he had the toothache.

Once she approached and whispered to him:

"Let Gertrude marry Herbert Alexander, and this shall remain buried between us!"

"Yes," said Mr. Strutt, feebly.

The next day, a note from Monsieur La Farouche to Mrs. Harry Harford politely announced that "business called him suddenly to the South, and that he and madame could not return to the Hotel Reservoir, and that he was desolated to remark that he could not play with her. The private theatricals must be given up, but he should never forget—no—never!" etc., etc.

She was told enough of the story to be made aware of the character of her latest conquest, but she never would believe it! She is fond of telling a story now of that mysterious Frenchman, "and," she adds, "he was desperately in love with me! I saw it from the first; he did not dare trust himself

further! depend upon it, he ran away from my fascinations, he did not wish to break his wife's heart! poor fellow, he is not the first or only one! but what a sense of honor he must have had!"

M. E. W. S.

A VOYAGE THROUGH THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

I WAS in Valparaiso a couple of years ago, and desired to reach Buenos Ayres by a trip "across the continent," traversing on mule-back the famous Andine Pass of Uspallata and the great pampas of the Argentine Confederation. It was the end of the month of March, and my friends warned me that the journey was very hazardous so late in the season, as I should run the risk of being snowed up in the mountains; but I had made up my mind about it, and was determined to start in three or four days. Next day a tremendous shock of earthquake vibrated from one end of Chili to the other—the severest known since 1851—and was succeeded by a heavy rainfall in the lowlands and a dense snow-storm in the mountains. The passes were completely blocked up, and there was no alternative for me but to take a sea-voyage, by way of the Straits of Magellan, to Montevideo. Three or four days later I was strutting the deck of the great steamship Patagonia, and driving through a cold rain-storm toward the Antarctic Circle. On the second day out we stopped at Coronel, to take in coal, and then proceeded on our voyage along the dreary Patagonian coast and archipelago, the only variation to the monotony of the miserable weather being our meeting with the steamer Coquimbo. We exchanged signals with her toward evening, and learned that a treaty of peace had been concluded between Germany and France.

I had made up my mind that, after all, the trip through the straits might prove as interesting as a ride across the pampas, and was quite agog with excitement when the first-officer of the ship remarked, just after dinner, "We shall go into the straits about midnight." Of course, I put myself "on watch," and, shortly before eleven o'clock, the "lookout forward" reported "land ahead." This proved to be the Evangelistas, a group of four islets, so named by one of those hardy old Spanish discoverers who, three centuries ago, considered it their especial mission to roam the unknown world, invade new lands, rob and murder their inhabitants, and bestow upon their country some saintly appellation. So these four islands were called the Evangelists. I saw them as mere black clumps in a dark, rain-drizzled atmosphere, and strained my eyes through the gloom for a sight of the bold headland of Cape Pillar, which guards the western entrance of the straits. An hour later its towering black outline loomed up directly ahead of us, but nearly five miles distant; and the officer of the deck pointed out to me, as we neared it, the three spires which form its rocky apex.

"You will see nothing more to-night," he

said, "as the mouth of the straits is wide, and we shall slacken speed on account of the thick weather. But be up early, and we shall be in Long Reach about daylight. We are entering Sea Reach now."

I was out of bed by the first gleam of daybreak next morning, and found that the weather had become clear and fine; but there was a cold, damp, nipping wind. The steamer was in a part of the straits known as Long Reach, the western half of the wonderfully intricate and picturesque inter-oceanic channel being divided on the charts into four sections, known in progressive order, eastward, as Sea Reach, Long Reach, Crooked Reach, and Narrows Reach.

Ten minutes after reaching the deck, we steamed slowly past Glacier Bay, since honored by a visit of Agassiz in the Hassler exploring expedition. In the dim gray light of the morning I could see the dull, bluish-white surface of the great glacier trending down to the foliated shore, but not distinctly enough to discern any of its beauties or characteristics. To our right lay the ridgy hill-sides of Terra del Fuego, and on our left the abrupt promontories of Patagonia, stony-browed and dismal; Glacier Bay being a mere cove in the indented shore of these last-named hill-sides. The strait at this point is from two to three miles wide, and devoid of all beauty save the beauty of solitude. The shores are diversified by countless peaks and hollows, rocky walls and valleys, little bays and capes; but every thing seems still and lifeless. The heavens looked cold and blue; the rocks frozen and gray; the foliage, along the shores, stunted and darkly green; and the waters were leaden-hued and chill. The wind whirled down from the mountain-peaks with icy, frigid salute, and it was easy to fancy the scene a piece of primitive creation.

As the morning advanced, the prospect became more inviting, and, with the brighter light, newer and more plenteous charms unfolded themselves. Toward seven o'clock the sun began to glint on the mountain-peaks, and to relieve the sombre scenery with varying tints. The rocks looked grayish, blue, and brown, at intervals. The leaves on the dwarfish trees came out in more glowing shades of green, though still much darker than those of warmer climes, and the heavens reflected more of their azure hue on the glistening surface of the waters. A jagged headland on the north was pointed out as Cape Notch, and, a little later, Snowy Sound, on the Fuegian margin of the channel, sat cradled between frozen banks of rock. Then Cape Quod, the abrupt foreland of Cordova Peninsula, towered its rectangular, bare, brown walls up to a height of a thousand feet, from a foundation springing among evergreens; and, when I asked an officer why it was called Cape Quod, he replied that he "didn't know, unless it was because it looked so much like a prison."

Presently we turned a sharp angle in the straits, and entered Crooked Reach, and here the real beauties of the passage began to display themselves. The margins of the channel were more rugged, and not more than a mile apart, and the mountain spurs and peaks were so numerous that they formed a perfect

barricade, and seemed toppling over each other, so great was their profusion and boldness of front.

The course of the Reach was so tortuous that we could seldom see for a distance of more than a mile ahead of us. The green and gray walls of rock cast their shadows across the water till the reflections seemed to blend, and at times the great vessel might be fancied to be imprisoned in a little lake, neither inlet nor outlet being visible.

The sun was risen high, and the ladies came up from their cabins to enjoy the glorious spectacle, wrapping themselves in mufflers, shawls, and fur jackets. The cold was so keen, and the air so damp, however, that, notwithstanding their warm attire, they huddled about the smoke-stack, and cowered particularly close under its lee to avoid the sharp winds that whirled in biting gusts down from the hill. For myself, notwithstanding my northern hardihood, I was glad to don my discarded overcoat and button it close about my neck; and so, while our teeth chattered in the chill morning air, we admired the beautiful in this secluded part of Nature's varied domain. The sun's rays kissed the hill-tops, and sent streams of water down from the ice on their granite domes, streaking them with alternate ribbons of dark moisture on their ground-work of gray. But no sun-shafts yet fell upon our decks, for the mountain-walls were still high about us, and our ship moved on in the valley of shadows at their base. A swarm of paddle-ducks—those anomalous, flightless birds—went whirling along the surface of the water to the shore, leaving divergent wakes of ripples and bubbles behind them, and half a mile farther on our course Carlos III. Island blocked the way, with its drab-masonry facade, crowned with clumpy emerald trees. As we near its barrier front, our vessel turns sharply to the left; and, looking backward on the north shore, we discover the entrance to Jerome Channel, flanked by lofty hills, and leading up to a great inland lake. Bachelor's Peak rears its cone-shaped summit two thousand feet above the channel, while, almost in front of us, York Roads unfold a lovely vista of landscape, stretching away northward for fifty miles.

This exquisite picture of reality is a memory for lifetime to all who see it. At this point only, along the Patagonian shore of the straits, the walls of rock seem to be folded back, to allow a view of this *terra incognita* with which the imagination ordinarily associates savagery and desolation. In the low foreground the waters dashed against a stony shore, skirted with deep-green foliage, which stretched away to the north—a mimic forest in the bed of a fairy valley—until its color was lost in the haze of distance. Behind this the vale was traversed by a ridge of grayish-brown hills, of slightly varying elevation; and these, in turn, were overtopped by a still more distant range of upland, to which the atmosphere lent a soft, violet tint. The vista of the valley widened as it trended away, and a third terrace of undulations rose in more rugged outline, and soft, mellow hues of amber and pale red. Then a fourth range of elevations, mystic and indistinct in form,

but shaded with a soft yellow, blending upward to white; and, lastly, a tier of incandescent peaks of the most fantastic and beautiful outline formed the background of this picture. Looking at it from the foreground, there was not a single feature of the whole scene that could be defined—to the eye it was as indefinite and indescribable as the transformation-scenes in the great theatrical spectacles.

The sun was shining full upon the three tiers of hills in the background, and the colors seemed to blend in all the glorious tints of the prism, broken only by the irregular outline of the ranges. The most distant peaks were of the most extraordinarily delicate forms and proportions, many of them being mere sparkling pinnacles of light, glowing with opaline tremors, and quivering with brilliancy where the sun seemed to strike on their silvery tips. The laws of perspective were, so to speak, set at defiance, for, though the opening in the front range of hills, through which the valley was visible, was not more than a quarter of a mile wide, we could take in a view along the horizon at the upper end of the valley of probably twenty or thirty miles, and the charm lay chiefly in the fact that we were at the foot of a terrace in which the most distant objects were most prominent and beautiful. There was a warm splendor of light on the whole panorama that was intensified as it receded, until the spectator, viewing it from the sunless shadows with which we were surrounded, could well imagine himself gazing on some glorious scene in the heart of the tropics.

It was undoubtedly a matter of light alone, for there was not a single object in the way of trees which the eye could rest upon in the distance—nothing but these plateaus and sierras, receding, and ascending, and glowing with all the sensuous effulgence of a sunrise in the Spanish Main; the gleaming effects in the background being undoubtedly produced by the sunlight falling on ice-clad hills.

We enjoyed the magnificent sight but a few minutes, and all the ladies actually sighed with regret as the ship wore off to the right in rounding Carlos III. Island. We felt as audiences have felt when the stage-manager too hastily rings down the curtain on some enchanted realm, with all the accessories of light, color, and captivating music, to allure the senses into lingering admiration.

The passage is very tortuous in this part of the straits, in consequence of the fact that there are so many small islands in the channel—fragments of the continent left unsubmerged when Nature, in one of her gigantic throes, fractured the feet of the New World, and made the archipelago of Terra del Fuego. Directly to the east of Carlos III., which is about five miles long, are Rupert, James, and Monmouth Islands, besides a host of minor rock-clumps that have never been dignified with names. Then comes Charles Island, presenting to the northeast a face of light, rust-colored rock, strangely scarred and streaked with white and gray, and known as Wallis's Mark; and a mile farther on a bald cupola, called Secretary Wren's Island.

Leaving this cluster, the channel becomes straighter, but narrower, and we enter Narrow Reach, which has a length of fifteen or twenty miles. Here the scene recalls forcibly recollections of the Hudson River about West Point; but there is more wild grandeur in the rocky, frowning headlands that abut on the channel. To the south still lingers the shore of the main island of the Fuegian group—Santa Inez, or Land of Desolation. As we leave the Reach, the channel at once widens to the southward, toward Barbara Channel, which here separates Santa Inez Island from the eastern cluster. On the Patagonian side, Cape Gallant stretches eastward, crowned by the lofty summit of Mount Cross, with its elevation of twenty-two hundred and ninety feet; and sheltered within this arm are the quiet waters of Port Gallant and Fortescue Bay. Two or three miles farther on, Mount Three-Peaks bears its triple-turreted crown

from a swarm of other cones, its only claim to distinction being the fact, as may be readily surmised by its name, that, while it has but a single base, its summit is composed of three branches of equal elevation. Looking to the south a stretch of seven miles through the thin, clear atmosphere, Mount Pond, with its twenty-six hundred feet of abrupt altitude, stands guard, with snow-mantled crest, over the blue expanse of San Pedro Sound, a sheet of water not much larger than Flushing Bay; and ten minutes later we can gaze up another avenue of blue-hazied cliffs into the solitudes of Lyell Sound. This is a larger and prettier bay than that of San Pedro, and a remarkable feature of the scenery is the large, dome-shaped mountain, utterly devoid of vegetation, which stands at its southern extremity. This elevation looks like a gigantic, expanded umbrella, and the snows dissolving at its summit give it an alternation of black and gray stripings from its apex to its base. From this point eastward the scenery on the south shore of the straits becomes flat and somewhat monotonous, and the waters gradually expand into a great bay, of a triangular shape, having a breadth from east to west of fifty miles, and a stretch of about thirty miles to the southward, which is the apex of the triangle. Magdalen Sound and Cockburn Channel form narrow labyrinthine outlets from the bay through the archipelago into the antarctic seas, and the only land visible is the long, low, drab line of Cape Valentyn, thrusting itself into Useless Bay, still farther east. Our steamer hugged the northerly shores, which still retain their mountainous grandeur and rugged aspect, and soon we reach Cape Froward, the most southerly extremity of the main-land of the continent, and just midway in the straits. Froward is the most picturesque and one of the boldest of the many acclivous headlands of this singularly rugged region, and, being only fifteen hundred feet high, is clothed with verdure from the water's edge to its summit. As we approach the cape we observe the smoke of camp-fires in a little sedgy cove by the shore, and presently a long canoe, manned by two or three persons, darts out from among the deep shadows of the cliffs, as if to intercept our steamer. With swift strokes the little craft nears

us, and at the same time a dozen natives on the beach jump about, scream and scamper along the water's edge, manifesting extraordinary excitement at the sight of the great ship. Five minutes later the canoe is abreast of us, and only a couple of hundred yards distant, and all the passengers rush to the port-side to see the coppery-skinned Indians. There were three persons in the canoe, two men and a woman, and so close to us that we could easily discern their apparel and features. In an instant, and while everybody was quite interested, the two men stood upright, and, with a loud yell, snatched their puma-skin robes from their shoulders and waved them over their heads. The effect among our ladies was electric; they wanted to see all the sights, but did not bargain for real stark-naked savages—the puma-skins being the only clothing worn by the canoe party.

Steam does not leave much margin of delay, however, and we were soon out of sight of the dirty Fuegians, though I am afraid many of the passengers did not afterward fully enjoy the scenery of Cape Froward's wedgy front. After turning the cape, the shore fast became less elevated and abrupt, and the hill-sides were generally covered with vegetation, exposing very little of the bare, rocky, scarred cliff which had formed so prominent a characteristic of the western half of the straits. The only promontory of importance was Cape San Isidro, fifteen miles from Cape Froward, and the pretty vernal cove of Port San Antonio. Ten miles farther on we were abreast of Port San Felipe, that melancholy haven so fraught with reminiscences of starvation and death, and known to us by its descriptive appellation of Port Famine. In a moment all thoughts are turned to recollections of the harrowing tale of Sarmiento's fated colony that perished here nearly three hundred years ago, leaving one solitary survivor to tell the hapless story of their sufferings. As we pass the opening to the little harbor, we strain our eyes to catch a glimpse of the few ruins that bear testimony to the wreck of time, but they are undiscernible, and the only evidence of life about the desolated region is a fawn-like guanaco grazing on the hill-sides, and a heavy-winged bird flapping lazily above the waters.

It is now afternoon, and the sun, shining through a veil of white haze, sheds a dreamy softness of light over the placid expanse of Fresh-water Bay, that stretches like a vast lake to the east and south of us. A cry from the forward part of the steamer announces some new excitement, and in a moment the forecastle is crowded with people, looking at a sight which the officers say is a very unusual one. A moment's scrutiny and reflection, and some one announces, "They are Indians!" Directly ahead of us, lolling on the waters of the bay, are two large canoes filled with men, apparently waiting to hail us. Some one suggests that they mean to attack us, for it is a rare thing to see so many Patagonians or Fuegians together, and, when they do so as semblie, it is on some predatory venture. A first-class sensational thrill takes possession of everybody, for the party is right in our

course, and are evidently waiting for us to come up with them. Another mile, and, as one of the tiny vessels turns broadside to us, we note a pennant drooping over her stern.

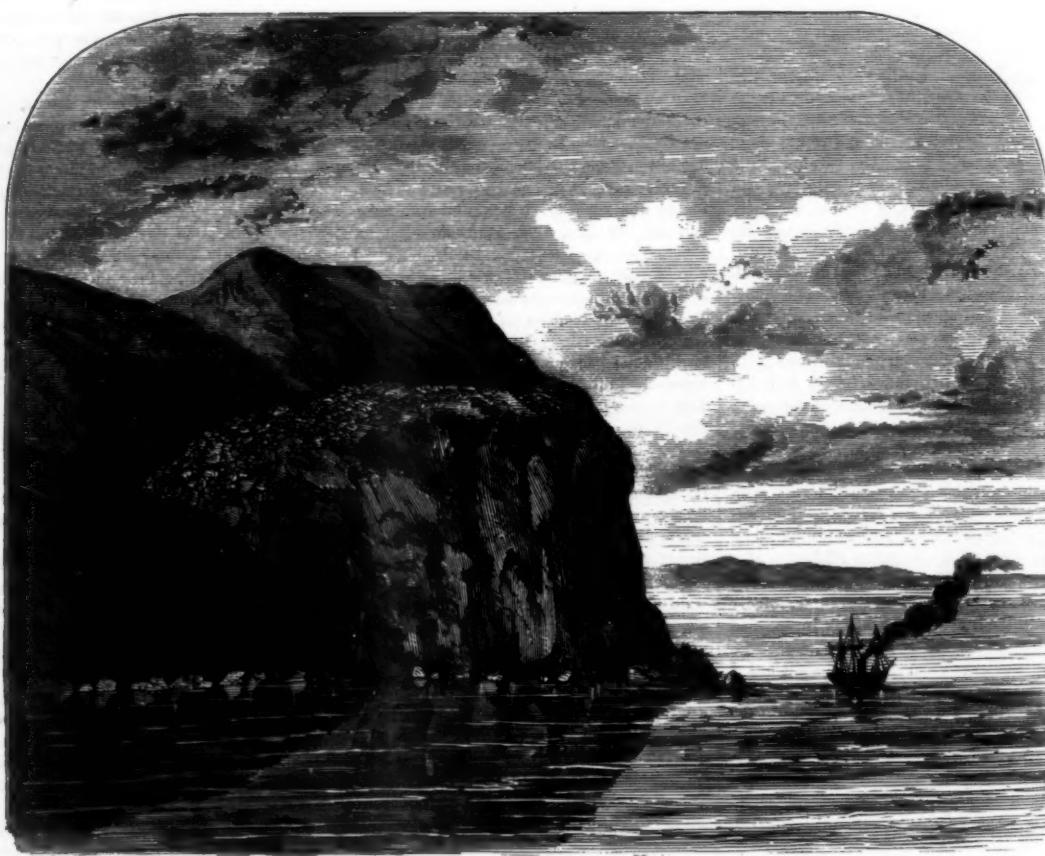
"They are ship's boats," says Captain Petrie, "for no Indians would carry a pennant astern. They are castaways."

Another mile, and we overhaul them—two boats' crews of shipwrecked sailors, and the pennant is the tricolor of France. At such a time it was sad indeed to see that draggled little emblem in misfortune afloat, when it had only so lately been humbled to the dust on the once fertile fields of France. We slowed our engines, lowered a gangway, and

channels and passages of the archipelago, sleeping ashore at night, and spending the days in sailing, gathering mussels for food, and dodging the Fuegian savages whom they several times fell in with. One or two of them had died of exhaustion, and those rescued by our ship were half dead and covered with scurvy and blisters.

The scenery was eclipsed for a time by this spice of adventure, and, just before sunset, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Punta Arenas, the only important port in Patagonia and the "half-way house" between Montevideo and Valparaiso. As a port, it is not a great success; but, as a convenience

ambitious longings, Chili may exercise dominion over the whole of Patagonia; certainly over the western half, on which she has made many encroachments from her southern border. But Punta Arenas is a wretched place, where it rains for nine months of the year, and freezes for the other three. It is a straggling, squalid town, with a couple of thousand inhabitants, and lacks even the rugged surroundings so characteristic of this region, and which, if they existed here, might lend some beauty to the settlement. Colonel Viel is as much of a commercial governor as a military governor, for he monopolizes almost the whole traffic in seal, wolf, fox, puma, and guanaco



CAPE FROWARD.

took them aboard, the captain and sixteen men of the French ship *L'Amérique*, bound from Bordeaux to Iquique. Most of them were so weak that they had to be helped up the gangway stairs. Their story was short. They had passed Cape Horn safely, and were wearing up the west coast, when their ship crashed head first into a precipice five hundred feet high on Monday Island, one of the Week's Islands group, forty miles south of Cape Pillar. The chronometers got all the blame, and the ship was one hundred and fifty miles out of her reckoning. In ten hours she went to pieces, but the crew scrambled ashore, and had now been forty-six days in their boats, threading their way through the

for vessels navigating the straits, it is a very considerable institution. The only vessels in the harbor are a Russian iron-clad frigate, with shocking name, and a little German brigantine, the *Propontis*. The Russian commander sends his secretary, a young linguist, of course, aboard to ask for mails or late papers, and a couple of boats put off from shore, one of them bringing to us Colonel Viel, the military governor, and two or three of his business *attachés*. Punta Arenas exists only as a Chilian penal colony, and a small military garrison is maintained here to protect the few settlers who inhabit the place, and uphold the dignity and authority of Chili. Some day, if her statesmen ever realize their

skins, and ostrich-feathers. The commercial duties discharged by him are carried on with a view to the revenue which results to himself, and I was informed by people who have lived there some years that it would not conduce to the personal happiness of the settlers if they should endeavor to drive a bargain by the sale of their peltries, unless the governor has first tried his luck with the purchaser—even then they must not undersell him in the market. His military duties he discharges for the honor of Chili and the governor's salary, so that it will be readily apprehended that political circles in the United States do not comprise all the lofty patriotism of the earth! When his boat pushed off from the

ship, some of the settlers came aboard to sell their goods, and a little later some of the passengers went ashore to look at the town. We landed on a sort of truck on wheels, which is hauled up or pushed out into the water, according to the state of the tide, so that small boats may reach it; but the landing was so hazardous that some of the ladies returned to the ship without attempting it. There was nothing to be seen ashore save the squalid habitations, irregularly located on the hill-slope, a few poverty-stricken Chilenos and half a dozen Patagonian natives, skulking about the stores, as our Indians do about the traders' posts on the plains. A coal-mine had recently been discovered about five miles from the town, from which the people expect to derive some benefit by coaling passing steamers; though I was told that it contained so much sulphur that it would burn the flues of the furnaces if used regularly. It will prove serviceable, however, for vessels that run short of fuel en voyage.

The physician of the post, employed by the Chilian Government, one Dr. Martin, an Irishman by birth, was a very agreeable sort of a character to find at this end of creation, but I fancy his life is terribly unsuited to such a garrulous nature as he possesses. While in shore he informed me that the brigantine Propontis, lying in the harbor, had met with a sad reverse a few days before in the straits. Her captain had been venturesome enough, seeing that his vessel was small, to endeavor to work her through the straits—a task at all times risky and difficult for a sailing-vessel. The straits are so narrow that there is no "searoom" to weather the terrible gusty squalls, known as "williwaws," which gyrate among the highlands of the western half, and have been known at times to strip a ship of her set canvas in an instant. The Propontis met such foul weather, and was obliged to put into Port Gallant for refuge. While there her captain took a boat's crew and went ashore to see the country, and was murdered by savages, together with his men. Two days later, while the mate and some men were carrying the captain's mutilated body to the ship, they were surprised by a large party of forty or fifty Fuegians in canoes, who had assembled to capture the brigantine. The ship was saved only by slipping her cable, and making all possible sail. The murdered captain's legs had been cut off close to the hips, and it was asserted that this was the work of Fuegians only, as they are frequently addicted to cannibalism, and consider the limbs a favorite part of the human edible anatomy. The captain's wife was aboard at the time, and was now awaiting reinforcements for the crew before proceeding.

During our stay at Punta Arenas, which lasted about eight hours, the chronic rain-storm of this benighted region came on, of course, and made matters cheerless in the extreme. About three o'clock in the morning we again proceeded on our way, by moonlight, the weather having cleared, but the straits are here so broad and the land so flat and sandy that there was nothing of interest to note. At daylight we were in a narrower channel, between Elizabeth Island, a sedgy mud-bank, and King Charles South Land, the main east-

erly island of the group. All was low, sandy, shingly shore on every hand, and amid such scenery we sped on for forty or fifty miles, not seeing a single tree or bush to relieve the monotony of the view. Coney Island is a rich vineyard compared with these islands. On one of them we saw a small structure which a surveying party from a British ship-of-war had built a few months before as a sort of "station," and a few miles farther we left the straits, through a channel about three miles wide, and, rounding to port along the flat peninsula of Cape Virgins, headed northward, on the broad bosom of the South Atlantic, for Montevideo.

Thus, in a brief trip of thirty-six hours, we had traversed the three hundred miles of intricate water-course which the great Portuguese explorer, three and a half centuries ago, discovered and unraveled after months of weary searching.

ASHLEY W. COLE.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

I do not know how long I sat there crouched against the ivy-covered tree-stump; but I can never forget the anguish. How I had longed for freedom, and to be rid of all need for concealment and contrivance! and now it was all over. Captain Brand had said I was free; he had said he never wished to see me again. There was no obstacle between me and Eugène; and, instead of joy at my deliverance, I was crushed with shame and sorrow. I would have given up every other thing to hear Captain Brand speak to me once more as he used to speak at Merton, to feel that I had never merited his contempt. Ah! that was the sting—merited his contempt. It was not his contempt that stung me, it was the heavy ache at my heart, which said, "I deserve every word he has spoken."

Ache—ache—ache! A dull, aching stupor. It seems to make me too heavy to move. I cannot bear it—I must struggle to be free from it. I must run after Captain Brand, and implore him to unsay his words, and tell him I cannot live without his good opinion.

I start up again, and look round me. I see by the changed light that it must be a long time since he went away; he has left Château-Fontaine by this time.

Now that I am fully roused, I know that this idea was foolish and unreal. How could I ever have got courage to follow him and make such an appeal? and then, while I stand stupefied with this miserable heartache, something bids me try and bear it; says that this very pain is good for me, if I own that I have deserved it, and do not rebel. This is such a new light to me, that there is startling, almost an awful, solemnity in it. I stand thinking, and there comes a crunching of the brittle twigs near the bridge. It may be he is

coming back, after all, and I shake with terror; but, as I listen, I hear the rustling of a skirt over the fallen leaves, and I know it is Angélique, even before her tall, straight figure appears between the leafless trees.

"Ah!" She gives me a little look, and then her eyes go beyond me. "I have been looking for mademoiselle everywhere. I came to find her to see Monsieur l'Abbé."

Although I know how much depends on the abbé's arrival, I say, calmly, "He is come at last, is he?" and then I add, with an effort, "Did he come before Captain Brand went away?"

Angélique's eyes move swiftly back to my face, and the simple question in them makes me shy and confused.

"Yes, mademoiselle."

It is too cruel of Angélique. She must know all I want to ask, and she will not spare me.

"Well," I say, crossly, "and did they see one another?"

"But yes, mademoiselle. The abbé has met Monsieur le Capitaine as he came in from the park, and has shut himself up with him for a long time; and then Monsieur le Capitaine has sent for me, and asked me to seek for mademoiselle; and then he has gone away in the *voiture* which brought Monsieur l'Abbé."

"And Mr. Dayrell, is he come, too?"

"No, mademoiselle; the abbé is alone."

My heart felt easier at this news. In these first moments of penitence it was a relief to hear that Eugène had not come to Château-Fontaine. I could not explain it to myself, but my mind was so full of Captain Brand, that it would have seemed like sacrilege to admit any pleasant thoughts into my sorrow.

I went across the bridge, while Angélique followed me in silence.

The river looked mournful in the cold, gray light; it was in harmony with my feelings, and the cobweb-like tracery of branches in the wood below the château had a red tinge, that seemed to warm the cold, gray haze. I wished there were leaves on the trees; shade and gloom would have suited me better than this bare openness; for, I suppose, next to the blessing of some loving heart, into which one may pour every grief, and even every petty vexation, one seeks for shadow as a hiding-place for feelings which instinct says should be sheltered from the prying eyes of the outside world, till we have learned to hide them ourselves under a mask of smiles.

As I walk along, I go back to this outside world, and remember that I have to meet Madame La Peyre as well as the abbé.

"Angélique," I say, with a sort of groan, at which I observe she starts, "I dare say you will think me very wicked; but I believe if I could slip into the river by accident—you see it is wide enough and deep enough now to drown any one—I should be much happier than I can ever be, living on here, a trouble to every one."

"Mademoiselle!"

Angélique looks just as I knew she would look—startled and grieved, but not a bit angry. I should like to make her angry. I begin to think extra good people do as much harm as others, if they provoke one—try and irritate them.

"Well, why not? I should like to know what there is in my life that is so well worth living for, or what good or pleasure I am to any one?"

"Does mademoiselle wish me to tell her why she should wish to live?"

I never heard her speak so gravely. I look at her against my will, and I am hushed out of all petulance, there is such a sweet, serious earnestness in her face.

"Yes, if you please," I say, gently.

"Mademoiselle knows, as well as I can tell her, that we have to live our lives, not alone to find pleasure in them, or to do our own will in them, but because they are the gift of God."

This seems to me silly.

"But, according to that, every thing is God's gift—the sky, the trees, the flowers, the very air we breathe. I do not see that this makes my life happier."

"I told mademoiselle that she knew—and she is so clever that she will find out for herself—and yet" (she looks very sad) "I sometimes think that it is because Madame Dayrell and mademoiselle are heretics that they have not found out this—that *le bon Dieu* gives us all we have, and it is all his—not ours."

"Something mysterious in this," I thought rebelliously. "Is Angélique really going to preach her own doctrines at last?" I go on faster. I am half ashamed of the eagerness I have to make her explain herself, and she cannot see my face if she is left behind.

"You are too deep for me—I do not understand—unless you mean that we are mere puppets; and certainly I have not been taught that. I have been taught that my will is my own, to do right or wrong, as I choose."

"Yes, but yes," she said, quickly, and she came up beside me, "that is what I mean that mademoiselle has said. Our will is our own, and we can give it, our will, to *le bon Dieu*—it, and our love also. Ah! mademoiselle, even the poor beggars have two offerings they can make to him."

I walked on in hushed silence. Something in the effect of her words upon me said that Angélique was speaking truth; and yet I rebelled against learning truth from Angélique. She was very good. I had not lived so many months a witness to her gentle, loving, truthful ways, without becoming sure that she was a really religious woman; but then she was an inferior and a Roman Catholic, and all my prejudices of nature and education rose against such teaching.

"Still," I said, half aloud, "one must get good from goodness, and not one of the Apostles was a gentleman except St. Paul."

"Angélique"—I could not look at her: I felt my own ignorance, and I was ashamed of it—"I used to learn about an old woman who always denied herself what she most wished for; do you mean to say that that foolish old creature was right?"

But, as I asked the question, I seemed to see a new meaning in a text I had often read, and had even learned by heart, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." I had read it like this: we were to keep the commandments because it was our duty to keep them;

from a certain cold, conventional love of God which I had grown up to suppose every one had, but which I believe in my own case was far more truly a cold, shrinking fear of punishment if I broke any of the commandments. Now, in the new and glowing light which Angélique's words had shed into my heart, and which seemed to be warming it from its cold, aching weight, I read the words differently. If I really loved our Lord with all my heart, and soul, and strength, I should try to do his will, and keep his law, simply to please him, and as the only real way in which I could show my love to him; and, instead of shrinking from sin only because the committing it entailed punishment, I should shrink from it because He hated it, and because He had suffered to destroy its power.

Angélique must surely have prayed earnestly for me as she walked beside me. The thought grew till I felt helpless to struggle against it. At last it seemed to me I had found the help I had so long wanted. I must give up my will and my love, and all would be well. Certainly, in that moment of intense conviction, I looked on my will as if it were indeed a puppet, and took it for granted that in one moment I could transfer to our Lord all the love I had hitherto spent on self. This thought must have been very rapid, for Angélique answered as if I had just spoken.

"I do not quite understand mademoiselle. *Le bon Dieu* is so merciful that, if we love him, He puts good desires into our hearts; we have only to be sure our will is the same as his, and then it is quite easy. I do not think, mademoiselle, that the old woman you speak of was a Catholic."

I laughed, and Angélique kept silence. I suppose she was shocked at my levity. I said, suddenly:

"Then I suppose you think that it was God's will that I was married to Captain Brand, and that my duty is to submit?"

"But there can be no doubt," she said, simply.

I faced round upon her and caught both her stiff elbows tightly.

"Angélique, you are a dear old thing, but were you ever in love in your life?"

A faint blush rose in her old face, and I kissed her.

"Come," I said, "I will listen to you now. I begin to think you will have some sympathy for me."

"I loved my husband, mademoiselle; it is the duty of a wife to love her husband."

"Ah, hush, Angélique! Now I see you know nothing of love—duty and love are distinct. If I only loved a husband by duty, I should soon grow wicked and hate him. Ah, don't look shocked;" and then my sadness comes back like a sudden wave, crushing all the bright peace which had stolen into my struggling soul. "Suppose I love some one else who is not my husband—what am I to do then?"

I said this partly from contradiction, and also because I thought that Angélique would show her Roman Catholic bigotry by telling me at once that I was sinful, and that such a love was not to be allowed. Some reticence had come to me, but still I was ready to rebel.

She looked very sad, and she gazed earnestly at me before she answered.

"Mademoiselle must pray—she must pray day and night to be delivered from this danger. Ah, if mademoiselle would pray to blessed Mary and our holy saints, she would be safe."

"No, Angélique, that is wrong; I could never do that."

I turned away; it seemed to me that, by this flagrant effort at conversion, Angélique had weakened all her former words.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RECONCILED.

The abbé seemed to be on the lookout for me; he was standing at the top of the steps. He waved his hand and came forward to meet me.

He was as charmingly courteous as ever. What a rare gift manner is! But after the first greeting he turned from me to Angélique.

"I think you are wanted, *ma mère*!" he spoke to the old servant with such a pleasant smile. "Monsieur Henri came just now, and he is with his wife, and no doubt the interview will agitate her."

"Ah, mon Dieu, he has come, then!" Angélique looked pale an instant, and then her eyes shone with joy. "Bien, bien, Monsieur l'Abbé!" and she hurried off to her charge.

The abbé gave a little sigh, but I exclaimed: "Is Mr. Dayrell really come? Oh, I am so very glad; now poor Mrs. Dayrell will be quite happy again."

He looked at me with such an inquisitive, searching glance, that I felt puzzled and abashed. It seemed to me, too, that his manner was changed. He was as courteous; but I missed the fatherly playfulness which had made me so fond of him. He led the way to the *salon* instead of stopping at his study-door, and gave me a chair as if I had been a princess.

"Madame—mademoiselle will excuse my absence," he said, bowing; "but I have still to arrange some matters with my sister."

He went away, and left me chilled and disappointed. I could only imagine that Madame La Peyre had told him about this morning's work. He certainly seemed displeased with me. And yet, no; why do I always think about self first? I suppose because I love nothing else so well. It is far more likely that the dear, good man was thinking so much of Mr. and Mrs. Dayrell that he forgot all about my affairs. How happy they must be, and yet how they must wish they had never vexed one another, and had not wasted all these months in making one another's heart ache! I remember thinking, a long time ago, that it must be charming for a husband and wife not to love one another just at first, and then to quarrel and to part, and then to fall desperately in love with one another, and meet again to be happy ever after. I read a story like this once. What silly, unreal thoughts girls have! Oh, dear, I am not eighteen yet, but I know I shall never be a

girl again. I have grown to feel so old, oh so very old, to-day!

The door opens very gently, and a gentleman comes in. It is, of course, Mr. Dayrell, and he comes up to me, as if he expected to find me there.

He shakes hands with me.

"You must let me thank you for the affection you have shown my wife." He smiles; but I see his lip quivering under his mustache. "She talks constantly of Gertrude."

"How is she?" I speak hastily, for I do not quite know what to say to Mr. Dayrell.

He is very interesting-looking, very tall, and rather slender; his brown hair is full of gray locks, and it waves over his broad, thoughtful forehead. He has a long, irregular-shaped nose, and such large, bright, sweet, melancholy, brown eyes. I think he has a good mouth, but it is hidden by his beard and mustache. He is something like the pictures I have seen of Charles I., only Mr. Dayrell's is a grander, nobler face than King Charles's. I do not think Mr. Dayrell could be weak or deceitful either.

"She is better, they say" (his bright, happy look passed into deep sadness); "but she is fearfully weak and changed. She did not look much older than you do when I last saw her."

At this he turns to the window. My heart goes out to him at once. I like men to be brave and self-contained; they are more difficult to understand; but then how much more interesting than men are who talk easily about themselves and their feelings!

"She will soon get well now," I say, cheerfully; "I suppose I must not see her to-day."

"Why not?" he says; "it must do her good to see any one she loves."

Even I know better than this; but I believe I like Mr. Dayrell all the more for being such a thorough man, without any small feminine wisdom in his brain.

It is not easy to talk to Mr. Dayrell; he goes off into reveries, and rouses with a start to answer my questions; and, besides, I can only talk to him about Sydney and places he has visited, for it is awkward to speak much of Mrs. Dayrell.

It is a great relief when Madame La Payne joins us. She goes straight up to Mr. Dayrell, and takes no notice of me; but still she and I have seen one another again, and it takes off some of the restraint.

I sit silent while they talk in the window-recess; suddenly I remember that that unhappy letter still lies unread in my pocket. I am not wanted; I am nothing to anybody here; there can be no selfishness in going to my own room.

When I get there I feel so tired, so utterly exhausted, that I lie down on my bed and I begin to cry. But this is very foolish. I have been longing and waiting all these months for Mr. Dayrell's return, and I ought to be singing a hymn of praise, instead of crying like a baby. All the morning misery tries to come back, but I take out Eugène's letter, and open it at last.

Well, I have read it twice; it is so short

that I almost know it by heart; and yet I am quite calm, and not a bit in the excited state I was in when I first heard from him. Perhaps this is natural; perhaps it was only the novelty that so disturbed me; and it is possible that that delightful thrill, which seemed to me something quite unearthly, cannot be felt twice.

I am sure this is a charming letter. It tells me all Eugène feels, and the joy with which he looks forward to seeing me. And he is coming—yes, he is really coming—his mother is not well, or he would have come with the abbé—as soon as he can possibly leave Paris—he is coming to Château-Fontaine, and then, as he says, we shall be perfectly happy.

Perfectly happy! Shall I be perfectly happy? I say the words over to myself, and I come to the conclusion that they are only words. No one is perfectly happy. Even Angélique's talk proves that we are only likely ever to be happy when we do not follow our own inclinations. I should have thought, a week ago, that to be with Eugène at Château-Fontaine must be perfect happiness; and now a thorn seems to have come into my feelings. Whenever I think of his visit, I feel a sharp sting.

It is, perhaps, petty of me, but I feel a kind of anger with Eugène for having taught me to conceal our letters. Certainly, now that I feel so much older, and, somehow, so very much calmer, I see that I might and ought to have refused to do this; and I feel keenly that it would have been much better to do without those letters, for the misery I have suffered far outweighs any pleasure they gave; and those two answers that I wrote gave me a great deal of trouble. But then, when I see Eugène again, I suppose his influence will be as great as it was then, and I shall yield to it in the same way, although nothing shall ever make me consent to the slightest act of deceit.

It seems to me that I must have been infatuated; falsehood, or even the slightest concealment, has always been so very abhorrent to me. If my dear mother had lived, this could not have happened, for I could not have deceived her. Well, of course, I could not; for no girl worth the name of a woman can attempt to deceive a mother, even in the smallest matter, unless she is absolutely a wicked girl, whether her mother is kind or unkind. But, as I sit thinking, trying to keep my thoughts from Captain Brand, and to fix them on my meeting with Eugène, the prick grows sharper—a feeling much deeper than any I have yet known, except that on board the *Eclair*, when it seemed to me that my grief for my mother had been forgotten. I cannot understand this feeling. I struggle resolutely against it, and yet, at each struggle, it takes a stronger hold. It is a feeling of wrong-doing. Ever since I parted from Captain Brand this morning, our marriage has taken a real shape, and I grow more and more powerless when I try to deny its existence. I do not mean its present existence, for even Captain Brand says it shall, if possible, be set aside, and he has willingly set me free. But this feeling of remorse is for the past. If I really was his wife, then, in-

deed, I have been very, very wrong; so wrong that—

But I cannot sit here brooding. I start up, and shake the hair out of my eyes.

After all, I did not know I was doing wrong then, and I am punished by this shame and misery. All I can do now is to try not to be self-willed any more. If I have not my mother to help me, Angélique has made me see where I can get help and guidance, and surely this help ought to keep me true as much as any mother.

THE FORTUNES OF A FAMOUS FINANCIER.

THE late rebellion and the consequent creation of an immense national debt have made finance a subject of particular, because personal, interest in this country. Every day we realize more and more that in the midst of life we are in debt; and that, from present indications, we shall continue to be for generations to come. No question is more puzzling than that of finance. The ablest minds hold almost contrary opinions respecting it; hardly any two can agree; and he who deems himself wisest in this regard is pronounced a blockhead by another that chances to entertain a different view. We can boast of so many financiers just now (every legislator and every rural journalist claims such honor) that a few glimpses at an historic money-manager ought not to be uninviting.

Ability in every thing, and especially in finance, is judged, often unjustly, by results. So it was with JOHN LAW, who, because his schemes met with disastrous failure, was long considered either a desperate speculator or a fantastic theorist. Many facts in his life gave color to this opinion; and yet, careful investigation and dispassionate criticism show him to have been a man of extraordinary capacity and knowledge, whose great mistake was in supposing that abstract principles can be practically carried out. Born in Edinburgh, in 1671, he was thoroughly educated, evincing, while at college, a remarkable insight into the most abstruse problems of political economy, and so clear a comprehension of all monetary matters that one of the professors predicted he would some day be a great banker. His studious habits did not prevent him from cultivating the vices, and he soon proved himself a pronounced rake and a systematic gambler. Having quarreled with a companion over a game of cards, the lie was given, a blow followed, and then a challenge. Law was the challenger, and killed his adversary, which caused his flight to the Continent.

The prophecy of the professor was not forgotten, particularly as it had expressed the young duelist's private thought. He went to Holland, and, obtaining a situation in the Bank of Amsterdam, one of the greatest financial institutions of the time, he studied its system diligently for over two years, and quitted his place with the conviction that he could improve upon all he had learned. In his twenty-ninth year he returned to his native

land and city, and soon after put forth a volume in support of his favorite theory. This was the institution of a monster bank, which should issue notes based on all the sources of revenue of the country, held by the bank as capital, and should derive its profit from discounting. Extremely solicitous that the British Government should adopt his plan, he was surprised and angry when it refused to do so. He pronounced the rulers of the kingdom a set of dolts, declaring they had rejected an ingenious and original project, which would have enriched the nation beyond computation.

He carried his scheme to France, Holland, and Austria; but not one of them, despite his specious arguments, would consent to its trial. He felt confident, however, that some European government would ere long discover his sagacity and accept his judgment. Feeling that he could afford to wait, he devoted the interim to diplomacy and intrigue, gaining the ears of men and the hearts of women. Though by no means handsome or graceful, he was an admirable talker, had naturally attractive manners and a magnetic temperament. Nevertheless, his disposition was so irascible, dogmatic, overbearing, and he frequently exercised so little self-control, that he made many enemies, and was involved in incessant trouble. He had his revenge at the gaming-table, winning from noblemen and official magnates large sums of money. So generally successful was he that he was often charged with cheating. He never failed to resent such accusations when openly made, which was seldom, as he was an excellent shot and swordsman, and bore the reputation of a desperate man. There seems to have been no ground for the charges. He had the advantage over his opponents in entire coolness, marked audacity, and perfect knowledge of every game he played.

After the long-desired death of Louis XIV., and the establishment of the regency, Law returned to Paris, with a fortune of five million livres (one million dollars), the product, it is said, of his skill and luck at hazard. The finances of France being then in a most deplorable condition, the profligate gamemaster had faith that he could retrieve them. He sent word to this effect to the Duke of Orleans, and, an interview having been granted, he won the latter's good-will and a certain degree of his confidence.

"I am willing you should try your plan," said the regent, with his cynical humor. "You cannot do a great deal of harm; for I defy the devil himself to put the kingdom into a much worse state than it now enjoys."

Law had the opportunity he had so earnestly coveted. He established a bank in 1716, having royal authority to discount bills of exchange and issue notes, redeemable in coin of equal fineness with that of the money then current. It accepted at par government bills, though at seventy-five per cent. discount, which, with the fact that credit was wellnigh destroyed, caused its stock to be readily subscribed for. The bank mounted to the crest of prosperity, paying unprecedentedly large dividends, and its founder and the regent were rejoiced. The former was not satisfied, however. He still had theories

to test, one of them being that the state, since there was no standard of prices or of money, might, on the basis of its credit, as respected future profits, put forward a paper currency, and reap great benefits therefrom. To this end he set up the West-India or Mississippi Company, founded on the plan of colonizing and drawing revenue from the French possessions on this continent. It promised so well that the French East-India Company was soon absorbed and the combination called the Company of the Indies.

The nation was ecstatic. Such a financial genius as John Law had never been known. The capital of the company having been increased to seven hundred thousand shares, at six hundred livres each, it offered to lend the nation what would be equivalent to over three hundred million dollars in our money as low as three per cent. per annum.

The excitement of speculation went to white heat. Prices of every thing were tremendously inflated; the shares of the company rose to forty, even fifty, times their original value; the wildest extravagance prevailed; everybody fancied himself rich; a livre was worth no more than a half-sou had been; the monetary millennium was at hand. Meanwhile the species of the realm steadily and rapidly declined; the issue of government notes swelled enormously; a crisis came, succeeded by a crash; the shares tumbled; the company failed; the whole population was ruined.

The excitement of imagined prosperity was exceeded by the excitement of terrible wrath and disappointment. Law, the god of yesterday, was the devil of to-day. The people clamored for his life; he would have been torn limb from limb. But he was sought in vain by howling mobs. He had foreseen the eruption, and escaped while there was yet time. For a long while it was asserted and believed that he had made an immense fortune by the company. But he had lost like everybody else. He had deceived himself as he had the nation; he had had faith in his own schemes, and they had fallen on him as unexpectedly and fatally as upon the regent, the ministers, the court, the nobility, the bourgeoisie, the peasantry. All was a common wreck, and a roar went up of universal execration against the man who had sincerely hoped and zealously labored to be France's benefactor.

Law was at that time less than fifty years old. After flying France, he led a nomadic life, and bore a lean purse, which he seems to have made no attempt to fatten by the familiar means of gambling. His mind was fixed upon the resuscitation of the Company of the Indies, particularly after he had received from France an annual pension of twenty-five thousand livres during the continuation of the regency. The death of the Duke of Orleans destroyed his hope and ambition at once. His health had been impaired by labor and licentiousness. He wandered from country to country, from capital to capital, growing feebler and feebler, poorer and poorer, deprived of his friends by the decline of his fortunes, pointed out as an adventurer, who, because he had been defeated, was to be avoided and despised. Eventually

he fell very ill at Venice, which, like him, had a golden noon, and was in deep eclipse. In the most romantic of cities he bade the world "Good-night!" and in the black gondola of death slipped down the mysterious lagoon of the unknown. He might have been worth an argosy of gold: he died with three small copper coins in his pocket, as assets to meet millions of debt. He is said to have been buried in one of the churches that beautify the Queen of the Adriatic. I have often inquired there for his tomb; no one has ever been able to tell me where it is. He who once made so much noise in the world was so silent, at last, that his grave-couch is forgotten.

In his final hours Law remarked: "This it is to be a great financier. If I had kept to my gambling, instead of wasting my time in trying to benefit nations, I should have died in a palace, and been spared the injustice of history."

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THIS DAY.

I WONDER what is this day to you,
Looking down from the upper skies?
Is there a pang at your gentle heart,
A deeper shade in your tender eyes?
Have you thought, up there, of the whispered
words
That thrilled your soul in the long ago?
Has ever a haunting wonder-tone
Blent with the chantings clear and low?

When this day dawned (if where you are
Skies grow red when the morn is near),
Did you know that before its close
The love once yours would be on its bier?
Did you know that another's lip
Would redden with kisses once your own,
And the golden cup of a younger life
Overflow with the wine once yours alone?

Out of the shadows where you bide,
Send me an answer clear and true.
Have you risen to heights so far
That earth and its loves are naught to you?
Do you care that your place is filled?
Does it matter that now, at last,
The turf above you has grown so deep
That its shadow overlies your past?

Oh, beloved, I may not know!
For heaven is afar and the earth is dumb,
And up from its silences profound
Voice nor token may ever come!
We try to think that we understand;
But, whether you wake, or whether you
sleep,
Or whether our deeds are aught to you,
Is still a mystery strange and deep!

JULIA C. R. DODD.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

THE TELEGRAPHISTS' REVENGE.

(From the German, for the JOURNAL.)

THERE were eight of us, and we had had another long and hard day's journey. At a little before midnight we arrived, with our two wagons, at a pretty little town near Le Mans.

As we reached the outskirts of the place, the courier we had sent ahead met us with the billets for our quarters. As he handed them to us his face assumed an expression that I knew only too well how to interpret.

"Our quarters are none of the best, eh?" I asked.

"There have been some Bavarians here for a whole week," was his laconic reply, which said quite enough. It was only when they found a very great abundance and their stay was very short that our blue-coated allies left any thing behind them.

Well, our billets, in our respective judgments, promised very little. I, for example, was sent to the house of a linen-weaver. Now, at the mere mention of the word linen-weaver, a feeling of hunger and misery comes over me, probably on account of my having, in my boyhood, so often sung the song of "The Weaver of Silesia."

The others, being no better pleased with their billets than I was with mine, readily acceded to my proposition to go to an hotel and pass the night at our own expense.

The mail had arrived only a day or two previously, and consequently we all had money; not much, 'tis true, but enough to pay our reckoning for a night at least.

The house to which we were directed was called "The Shark." If the name was somewhat ominous, we consoled ourselves with the thought, or rather the recollection, that, in the olden time, on a certain occasion, a very distinguished person found himself very comfortable in a fish's belly.

The landlord, when our troop entered his house, made an awfully wry face; when, however, he learned that we had not been quartered upon him, but came as paying guests, his physiognomy assumed an entirely different expression. We Germans, despite the hatred of the French for us, had a good reputation among the landlords; and I am convinced that, if countrymen of the proprietor of The Shark had presented themselves, he would not have been so well pleased as he was with us.

But his suave manner did not please us. There was something too fox-like in his physiognomy. While the tongue of the little man was giving utterance to polite phrases, his little, sharp, dark eyes seemed to say, "If I only had the gold in my pocket, you might all of you go to the devil, for all I care!"

Such-like landlords were not new to us, and consequently the contradictory expression of his words and his mien gave us no uneasiness. He could indulge in any grimaces he pleased, provided his jarder was well filled and his wine was good.

The man knew his business, that no one could deny. He ran over the list of his culinary delicacies with wonderful volubility, and praised his wines with an eloquence that even a Geneva Calvinist would have found it difficult to resist. As for the former, they tasted very like the remnants of a dinner warmed over; and, as for the latter, it had certainly been liberally watered. But our stomachs had not been cloyed with luxuries of late, and, especially for the last three or four days, our fare had been so very plain

that we found the supper The Shark landlord set before us very palatable. Although we had had a hard day, we were, nevertheless, in a convivial mood, and, after our host had persuaded us to take one bottle of champagne, he did not find it difficult to persuade us to take a second, a third, and a fourth. So we sat drinking and merry-making until three o'clock in the morning, when we suddenly broke up and hastened to our beds.

At six o'clock we were all assembled again around the table, busy with our coffee, when the Shark appeared, and, with one of his friendliest grimaces, handed me our reckoning.

Great Heavens! I thought I should sink to the earth when I glanced at the paper! Such imposition I had never before witnessed.

"Two hundred and thirty-three francs!" I cried; "that is impossible! it cannot be!"

"Si, si, monsieur, it is quite correct," answered the Shark, blandly. "Mon Dieu! Messieurs les Prussiens have made every thing so dear with us in France—what can we do?"

"The rascal!" I thought, and told my comrades what the fellow demanded of us. They, very naturally, were not less incensed than I was; but what could we do? There was no time to enter into a discussion, for our wagons were already waiting at the door; so we emptied our purses, and, with "*Müh und Noth*," made up the sum the villain demanded, which he pocketed with a nonchalance that clearly showed it was not the first time he had preyed upon the unwary.

We went our way, all feeling very savage, I particularly, for it was my fault, if anybody's, that we had fallen into the jaws of the monster.

I had no expectation of ever seeing the little town or The Shark landlord again; but Providence willed that it should be otherwise, and kindly gave me an opportunity to be fully avenged.

Nine days later we were ordered to repair a short connecting-line near Le Mans. Again we took the road to the little town of dear remembrance, which we reached about nightfall, and where we were to spend the night. We reported ourselves at the commissary bureau, where I had the good fortune to find a good-natured acquaintance in the officer in charge. In the course of conversation I told him how I and my comrades had been robbed by The Shark proprietor a few days previously.

"I know the fellow," said he. "There have already been a good many complaints about him; but I have determined to send him as many of my billets as I can with any show of justice; in that way one can, perhaps, get even with the rascal."

"Ah, an excellent idea!" I cried. "Send me and my comrades to him—that is, if you can."

"Why not? Eight men—yes, certainly I can send you to him. The fellow is rich; the other houses are full, and he has only three or four Bavarians. Yes, I'll send you to him for to-night."

Fifteen minutes later our wagon drew up before the door of The Shark. On the way I had unfolded a little plan to my companions, with which they were delighted.

When our worthy host saw us he was radiant with delight, and his satisfaction was apparently increased when we excused ourselves for troubling him again so soon, and begged that he would have our tired horses well attended to.

"Oh, you are very welcome, gentlemen," he replied, rubbing his hands with a sort of satanic glee. "You do my little house great honor!" ("Here I have the eight dunces again," he thought to himself.)

We made ourselves as comfortable as pos-

sible, and, in our endeavors in this direction, we were ably seconded by our host. When he asked us how many rooms we wished, we modestly replied that we were by no means particular how many we had; whereupon he hastened to allot to our occupancy eight rooms in a row, up two flights of stairs, which, he assured us, were as comfortable as any rooms in his house, and I have no doubt that, in making the statement, he was not very wide of the truth. Of ordering our supper, we made equally light work, leaving the selection of the bill-of-fare entirely to him. Yes, we even went so far in evincing our confidence in his judgment and discretion as to allow him to select our wine for us.

"Perhaps I shall put a bottle of champagne on ice?" he suggested. "I hope Messieurs les Prussiens found my wine to their taste the other evening."

"If you choose, you may put two on ice," I replied.

"Perhaps three, messieurs?"

"Four if you like."

"Bon, let us say six."

"You are very kind, monsieur."

"My duty, my duty! I think I know what is due to such guests as you are, gentlemen."

And so we continued to compliment each other until our jaws were busy with supper, which, thanks to the generosity of our host, was truly Lucullan in its character.

Our host watched our glasses with Argus-eyes, and hardly were they empty, when the waiters, in obedience to his wink, filled them again; this we gave him an opportunity to do very frequently, especially when he brought on the champagne, which, to do the Shark justice, I confess was very good, and, unlike his claret, had not been watered. We swallowed with heroic courage whatever was set before us—and it is astonishing what eight healthy, willing fellows can accomplish in this direction under proper encouragement, after a hard day's march, especially if they have been on plain fare for a few days. We repeatedly drank the Shark's health, an honor the significance of which he was destined not to learn until the next morning. Finally, at a late hour, with heavy heads and limber knees, leaving a formidable battery of empty bottles behind us, we retired to sleep the sleep of—the avengers.

The next morning, bright and early, late as it was when we went to our beds, we were all assembled round the table enjoying our *café au lait*, and in all the better humor in consequence of the success of our little plot. It was with a sort of triumphant satisfaction, that I watched our host, as we drank our coffee, making a copy of what seemed to be an interminable list of entries in a big account-book before him.

"Now he is slaughtering us," I whispered to my comrades, just as one of our drivers, a stalwart Pomeranian, presented himself at the door, and cried out, "The wagons are ready, gentlemen!"

Before our landlord could recover from his astonishment, we were out of his house and in our seats. But he was close upon us with his bill, which could have been measured with a yard-stick. I glanced at the sun. It was, as we intended it should be, larger than the previous one.

"What is it you wish?" I asked, with all the *naïveté* I could command.

"The amount of my little bill, messieurs, if you please," repeated the Shark, in his blandest tone.

"Your bill! how? why, we were quartered with you!"

"Eh! wh—what! qua—quartered with me?" he stammered, and at each syllable his under jaw fell lower and lower.

"Certainly! Is it possible that I forgot last evening to give you our billet? Why, here it is now!" and I drew the document

from my pocket and handed it to him. "I beg a thousand pardons, mon cher monsieur! —Driver, go on!"

And away we drove, laughing heartily. The Shark, however, did not seem to relish the joke. As long as we were in sight he stood still, "with murder in his mien," looking now at us, and now at his "little bill."

We, however, for the thousandth time struck up our favorite song, which rang out merrily on the morning air:

"Lieb Vaterland, maget ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein."

Does anybody doubt that the landlord of The Shark looked after the *Quartierbillet* a little more closely after this adventure?

Probably not!

THE CHÂTEAU TANCARVILLE.

The first glimpse of Tancarville is very striking. The old, gray towers loom grandly above the forest which surrounds them; after this, the road circles round so as to break the steep descent; it is very wild and picturesque. The village, or rather the little inn and a few cottages, lie at the mouth of a steep and richly-wooded valley, opening on to the bank of the Seine, just opposite Quilleboeuf. A lofty *façade* guards the entrance of the valley on either side; the cliff on the right, the loftiest of the two, is surmounted by the castle, of which the bold tower round on this side—the Tour de l'Aigle—is the most salient feature; the cliff on the right is clothed with wood on the side of the valley; but fronting the Seine is a huge, white-topped rock overhanging the river, called La Pierre Gante—it is more than two hundred feet high.

We had been told to inquire at the inn for the keys of the castle; so we drove into an orchard at the back of the house, where we found the landlord in his shirt-sleeves, mounted on a ladder, gathering some exquisite, large, rosy cherries from a tree nailed against the house. He was a tall, big, burly Norman; and, as he stood on the ladder, wiping his bald head with a huge yellow handkerchief, we fancied he did not look at us quite as hospitably as a landlord is bound to do.

However, by the time we had alighted he had come down from his ladder, and we followed him into the kitchen, and made our request for the keys.

He looked thoroughly surly, and turned his back.

"It is not possible. It is the little *bonne* who always shows the castle to strangers. We are all busy, and she, the little Marie, has not had her breakfast; it is quite impossible."

He growled this over his shoulder, and then walked away from us in a puff; and we turned to a tall, elderly woman, who must have been very handsome in her prime, and asked what we were to do. She was very civil. She said the household breakfast was just going to be served, and, if we would not mind taking a little walk up the cliff, the *bonne* would soon be ready. We came through the house into the garden, or rather grassed court, in front. Every thing looked so clean and neat that we wished we had waited instead of having breakfasted at St.-Romain. Over the door we read the name *Toutain*, and wondered if our surly, burly host was related to the faithful *Toustain*, chamberlain of Robert the Magnificent, who, when his master died at Nikala, in Bithynia, brought the relics collected by the Duke of Normandy in the East to his famous Abbey of Cerisy; or to the more famous *Toustain the White*, the son of Rou, who carried the Norman standard—a banner consecrated by Pope Hildebrand—at the battle of Hastings.

The house is so exquisitely placed in the gorge of the two steep cliffs, with the gray

castle frowning over it, and the Seine flowing in front, that in itself it makes a picture. On the grass in front is a delightful round summer-house, made of scarlet runners trained on osiers bent into the form of a large weeping-ash; some of these bean-blossoms were of a most exquisite pale yellow. Inside was a good-sized white deal-table and some benches. It looked a delicious nook to idle away summer days in, watching the windings of the lovely Seine, the exquisite changes of light on the castle-crowned hill frowning over the river above the trees on one side, or the wooded valley of Pierre Gante.

While my companion sketched, I climbed up to the top of Pierre Gante. It has a flat table of white rock on the summit, like a bald head, fringed by the brushwood which clothes it thickly up to this point. The view of the Seine is extensive, but not so attractive as from many other points, as the opposite banks are in comparison flat; and, instead of the graceful fringe of slender trees, there are sand-banks and low-lying meadows half under water, and cut through with deep channels. But the view of the Castle of Tancarville is very fine from here; it is, perhaps, the best distant view, except that from the middle of the Seine; and that will be much finer when the modern portion of the castle falls more into decay—at present it hides the range of ancient towers.

By the time the sketches were finished, our guide appeared with a bunch of keys. She was a little damsel of about twelve. Her full-bordered cap, tied demurely under her chin, gave her a strangely quaint look. There was something patriarchal in the big, rough Norman's solicitude that his little maid's comfort should not be interfered with. So far as we could see, she was the only maid-servant except the daughter of the house.

The little creature went on in front, swinging her keys backward and forward, and singing to herself as she went up a steep path which wound up in and out among the thickly-planted trees. The sides of the path were bordered with ivy and periwinkle wreaths, mingled every now and then with shining fronds of bright-green hart's-tongue.

Our little guide saw us gathering some of these wild leaves.

"It is forbidden" (she looked at us reprovingly) "to gather flowers inside the castle-court. There are beautiful flowers there, but monsieur and madame must not gather them."

Just after this we reached the gate-house. This is in good preservation. The caged windows still exist, and within the arched entrance are grooves for a double portcullis. There is another tower here, said to date from the fifteenth century.

From the gate-way we went into the inclosure of the ruined castle, a large triangular space. At the foot of the triangle on the right is the large tower which keeps guard over the village—the Tour de l'Aigle. On this side it is triangular also. It is the only part which is still habitable, and is occupied by the *châtelain* and his family when they visit Tancarville. From the Tour de l'Aigle a broad terrace extends along the edge of the cliff, gay with scarlet-geranium beds; and overlooking the Seine at the end of the terrace is a modern château, uninhabited, and going fast to decay; stretching from this, at an acute angle, are the ancient towers of Tancarville, connected by curtain-walls, which entirely inclose and form the two other sides of the triangle. This, the ancient castle-court, is now picturesque, up-and-down, broken ground, full of ruins and bushes, and weeds rampant over all. The cliff itself is more than one hundred and sixty feet high, and of the same triangular form in which the castle is built. There are the remains of three principal towers commanding the three cor-

ners, and of seven intermediate towers. The donjon was beyond the wall of inclosure, and connected with it by a bridge. The Tour de l'Aigle, as has been said, is round outside the walls, and triangular within the inclosure. It contained the castle archives. The twin towers of the gate-way contained the prisons, also the lodging of the captain of the castle. At the angle nearest the Seine and the modern château is the Tour Carrée, four stories high, about the oldest part of the building, and said to date from the twelfth century. This was formerly decorated with frescoes; among these are found relics of the ancient device of the Tancarvilles. Between this and the Tour Coquisart are the ruins of the ancient dwelling-house of the Tancarvilles, Harcourts, etc.

The walls of the towers have been torn down, the floors and staircases have disappeared, but still there is much left of extreme interest. The chapel, with its graceful, pointed arches, the Salle des Chevaliers and its fireplaces, may still be made out. We found some fireplaces, too, in the other towers. The walls are so broken that we wandered in and out among them and the bushes which threaten to overrun the whole building.

We came suddenly on an awful subterranean dungeon deeply sunk under the Tour du Lion—it is also called Tour du Diable; and a legend tells how the Evil One had to be exorcised by the *cure* of the village when he had taken possession of the subterranean. In the donjon, which is behind the other towers, and detached from them, is a well three hundred feet deep.

The small-leaved ivy creeps up the ruined walls, and above and below, wherever the stone lets it flourish, is a rampant waving growth of harebells, and tufted grass, and wreathing clematis with creamy blossoms, among which peep bright-eyed yellow star-flowers. A coppice of nut-trees clusters closely round the base of one of the ruined towers. Close by us is the Tour Coquisart, sixty feet high, shaped like a triangle with curved sides. There have been five stories here, but all the roofs have fallen in; only at the top three groined ribs still remain, though the vaulted roof has fallen through them, and there is the blue sky in exquisite contrast against the creamy stone-work, and the long grass is waving in sad mockery over all. This tower was restored and nearly rebuilt in the fifteenth century; it forms the opposite angle to the Tour Carrée. The name Tancarville first appears in a chart of Henry I., 1103—William of Tancarville, son and successor to Raoul the chamberlain. M. Deping considers that names of places ending in *vile* originated with the Norman followers of Rolf, who gave their own names to the castles which they built, and to the villages which sprang up round these.

Tancarville is full of sad associations, and is especially interesting to Englishmen, as it was the chief stronghold of the Tancarvilles—the hereditary chamberlains of the dukedom of Normandy—till 1220; then it passed to the Harcourts. After them came the Montmorencys and the family of La Roche Guyon. But after this it fell into ignoble hands. John Law, the South-Sea impostor, purchased Tancarville, and lived there for some years. It was greatly destroyed and plundered at the time of the Revolution; the people named it Le Fort aux Bourreaux. It is now the property of M. Lambestyre.

The ancient castle of Raoul de Tancarville was burned down by Henry V. in 1437. He was certainly a mischievous general in Normandy. Scarcely any part of the present ruins is older than the fifteenth century.

Perhaps it is the perfect bits remaining that seem to make home-life real here; but, as has been said, there is something inexplicably sad in Tancarville. The hearths—

the chimney-pieces are still really there—round which have gathered so many brave, and gentle, and chivalrous spirits, are now exposed to every gaping sight-seer. In the tower beside the gate-house the walls are nine feet thick; and here are dungeons and the ancient torture-room.—“Through Normandy,” by Mrs. Macquoid.

A STORM IN NORWAY.

It was in the afternoon, the day after Epiphany, the same day that the clergyman's family were to return home, that the dreadful storm began, which raged two days, and is still spoken of by many as the most fearful hurricane that had, in the memory of man, visited Lofoten. Happily the fishing-season had not yet commenced. The storm, sleet, and immensely heavy seas, came from the southwest, right upon the West Bay, otherwise there would probably have been as many wrecks as during the well-known storm in 1849, when many hundreds of boats were lost in one day. Now there were only a few boats which were out fishing lost, and some sloops and larger ships stranded. The storm increased toward night, the buildings shook with every blast, and all of us remained up, to keep watch through the night. Every window, door, and hole, was carefully closed. The tiles rattled so that we were afraid that parts of the roof would be blown off; and from the chimney-tops there came a dismal, deep, rumbling sound, which one might almost fancy to be cries of distress. We were all assembled in one room, and a deep silence prevailed, broken only by a remark about the storm, or by one of the servants leaving the room to look after things. My father was very uneasy about his store and his sloop, which was lying in the bay, and which had three anchors out to keep it steady in the heavy seas, which, in spite of the good situation of the harbor, rolled in upon it. I saw him several times fold his hands, as if in prayer, and then he would walk up and down the room as though he felt comforted, until fear again seized him, and he sat down pale and anxious as before.

The storm still increased. Once we heard a dull crash, which might possibly come from the store. I saw drops of sweat start out on my father's forehead, and yet knowing I was utterly unable to bring him the slightest comfort. He took a light into the office, and returned with a large old prayer-book, which he opened at “prayers and psalms” to be used in times of distress at sea. We all, without a word, arranged ourselves for prayer. My father sat at the table, holding the book in his large rough hands between the two candles. First he read the prayers, and then sang all the verses of the psalm, while those who knew the tune gradually joined in with him. It was in every respect as prayers are held on board ship when there is danger, and my father had certainly taken his idea from some such scene in his youth. During the service it seemed to us all as if there was a lull in the storm, and that it had increased again when we had finished. It was said that the eldest Martinez (a shipwrecked Spanish captain) was on his knees in his room, and constantly crossing himself before his crucifix. He had not much reason for anxiety, as his brig was anchored under the land in a small creek that was sheltered from the storm and heavy seas, but he repented not having gone on board to his son and his crew....

Toward morning there came somewhat of a lull, and, tired as we were, we went to bed, with the exception of one or two, who were to keep watch. When daylight came, we saw what destruction the storm had wrought—

many hundreds of tiles from the roof strewed the ground, the bindings of the wall exposed to the wind were torn loose, and the farther end of the pier lay under water, its supporters having been displaced by the waves.

The warehouse had also suffered injury. Our sloop was in no little danger; two of its chain cables had already sprung, and its safety now depended on the last and longest, which was fastened to the ship's ring on the rock at the entrance of the bay. The only living thing on board was the dog, large white poodle, which stood barking, with its fore-legs on the taffrail, as we could see, though the wind rendered it impossible for us to hear. The sea was breaking over the fore part of the sloop; the danger was great; the long cable was strained so much that the middle of it hardly touched the water.

The wind raged so fiercely that the seamen were obliged to creep along bent down, lest they should be blown overboard. Help was, therefore, out of the question. I crept up to the hillock behind the house, and stood under the shelter of a rock, whence I could overlook the bay, and see outside. The appearance of West Bay was like a mass of silver-gray smoke, which had been blown in from the sea. Under the land green foam-topped waves, mountains-high, rushed forward with roars like thunder, to be sucked back again, leaving the sands bare and dry far out. At one place, by a rock which extended far into the ocean, the waves, every time they washed against it, threw an immense jet of foam straight upward, which was caught by the wind and driven like smoke in and over the land. At another place the waves absolutely stormed a sloping bank, now covering it with foam, and then leaving it quite dry; and there was one unfortunate sea-gull which had probably been disturbed, fighting and struggling in the wind, until its poor wings seemed almost turned inside out. I now bent my attention to the sloop in the bay. To my astonishment, I saw a man on board, and recognized our strong servant Jens, who, with another of our men, adventured out to it in a six-oared boat. Immediately afterward he went back alone to the boat, with a rope tied round him, and began the dangerous work of hauling it against the waves along the tightened rope out to the rock. I expected every moment that the boat would fill, and thought it took water several times. While the boat went slowly on, my father and our people anxiously watched it from the beach. When Jens had climbed the rock, which the waves washed every moment, so that he stood up to his knees in water, he fastened the boat, and then began hauling the rope, and thus drew in another chain cable, which the man on the sloop had gradually let out. He had got the end of the cable in the ring, and was in the act of fastening it, when we saw three fearful waves coming, which would certainly dash over the rock.

There was extreme danger now, both for the life of Jens and for the safety of the sloop, which would hardly hold on against the pressure with one cable. I saw “French Martine,” who was betrothed to Jens, wring her hands over her head, and rush to the beach as if she intended to throw herself into the water after him; and I do not think that any of us who were looking on dared to draw breath. It appeared as if Jens had also seen the danger. He hurried down to the boat where he still might save himself, but it was only to take up the rope, which he steadily wound several times around his body and then passed it through the ring, as if he no longer reckoned on his own strength. He had hardly finished when the first wave, which struck him on the back, burst over him and the rock. The interval between the first wave and the second he used in hauling

the cable more in. Again came a wave, and again Jens stood safe; and now he managed the last hitch on the rope, which saved the sloop. He had tried how hard a wave could press; he had thrown the rope around him over his broad shoulders; turned his pale face toward our house, as if he thought he was saying good-by to it, and bent his head to receive the last and, as usual, the heaviest wave of the three. When the foam had cleared away there was no Jens on the rock. In my anxiety, I had dashed down to the others. When I arrived, they had saved not only the boat, which had broken away from the rock, but also the apparently lifeless Jens, whom they were carrying up to the house. The wave had taken him with it, for the rope had glided over his neck and deprived him of a part of his garments and some of his skin. He lay unconscious, with one arm, bloody and torn by the rope, hanging by his side. At one place it was lacerated to the bone.

My father, pale from anxiety, helped to carry him up to the house, and lay him on the bed. When the poor fellow became conscious, he expectorated a quantity of blood, and had difficulty in speaking; but my father, after examining his chest, joyfully declared that his life was in no danger. Jens became, for this act of saving the sloop, a man of wide-spread renown. From that day he was my father's trusted man, and the following summer he married French Martine.—“Way-side Notes in Scandinavia,” by M. A. Lower.

ON COMING DOWN IN A PARACHUTE.

So many ladies and gentlemen have made “captive” and “free” balloon ascents within the last few years, that it would simply be an act of impertinence on my part to describe minutely the phenomena of an ascent from the neighborhood of London: how you do not at first appear to be rising, but stationary, while the earth, on the other hand, seems to be sinking beneath you; how—if there are any clouds in your part of the sky—when you have passed through the lowermost banks of vapor, and look down on the fleecy, floating masses beneath you, you experience a momentary feeling of pride—sheer asinine pride; or how, being free from clouds, you look down and see stretching around you the great green earth, and immediately below, London, diminished to the size of a model in a museum—St. Paul's seeming no bigger than a pea, and the Monument looking no longer than a pin, while the smoke of London seems stationary over it—a thin, sleazy blue blanket in two strips, one for the Middlesex and one for the Surrey side, and cut precisely to the shape of the city and suburbs, through the whole running the glinting river, like a skein of quicksilver. I must mention that my view of the wondrous panorama around and beneath was somewhat impeded by the fact that we were top-hammered by a quantity of toy-balloons, mere inflated linen bags, fashioned as lions, dragons, fish, and other preposterous forms, and all emblazoned with the cognizance of the Symposium.* These wretched little trifles were indirectly the cause of our undoing. The aéronaut had instructions to cut the wind-bags adrift when he ascended a short distance, in order that they might amuse the *gobe-mouches* of Brompton and the Fulham Road, and scatter advertisements of the Symposium far and wide. Thus the little old man, during the first five minutes of his ascent, had been so busy with his pocket-knife loosing these ridiculous *impedimenta*, that he had forgotten a

* The garden-restaurant from which the ascent had been made. It was at Gore House, and conducted by Alexis Soyer.—ED.

precaution very necessary to our safety. While the balloon is on the ground it is customary to close the neck of the machine by means of a handkerchief tied in a slip-knot, in order to prevent the admixture of the heavy lower stratum of atmospheric air with the more buoyant carburetted hydrogen inside the balloon. Directly the balloon ascends, the prudent aéronaut slips off the handkerchief. Our aéronaut, busied with his trumpery wind-bags, did no such thing. The assistant may have been unaware that the thing ought to be done. He cried out gleefully that we had risen to the altitude of one mile—that we were just over Fulham Church, and that we were about to cross the Thames. Just then I heard a sharp, crackling report, precisely like that of a musket-shot, above my head. The balloon had burst. It could scarcely, under the circumstances, have done any thing but burst. The gas in the machine had become rarefied, and had rapidly expanded. It could not escape from above, the valve was closed; it could not escape from below, the neck was closed. So it went to smash, just as an inflated and air-tight bag of paper goes to smash between the palms of a school-boy's hands.*

So we fell, as a stone falls, half a mile. When we ascended, it had appeared to me that the earth was sinking beneath us. Now the globe-fields, houses, lamp-posts, chimney-pots—seemed to be rushing up to us with literally inconceivable rapidity. There was in particular one tall church-steeple, which, by the celerity of its approach, appeared to be horribly anxious that I should be impaled on its apex. It could not have been Fulham Church; but, whatever and wherever was the edifice, it was there rushing up at me; and I declare that the grotesqueness of the position of impalement—all legs and wings, like a cockchafer—distinctly and visibly occurred to me. I declare, also, *sans phrases*, that there arose before me no "panorama" of my early life, or of my by-gone acts and deeds, as such panoramas are said to have arisen before the eyes of persons rescued at the very last instant from hanging or drowning. Yet I do plainly and literally remember several things: that I heard a voice cry, with an oath, "Let go!" and "Cut! cut!" and that a knife was thrust into my hand; and it seemed afterward that the assistant and I had pitched out all the ballast in the balloon—bags and all—and that I had cut away the grapnel or anchor from the side of the car. That I had done so was plain from two of my fingers being jagged across by the knife. What became of the grapnel we never knew; but, if it had fallen in a populous street, it would in all probability have killed somebody. The heavy bags of ballast, too, must have fallen like stones. The final thing I remember during our descent was droll enough. Just before the balloon left the Pr^e d'Orsay, my dear, kind brother had thrown over my shoulders a light paletot, observing, with a laugh, that I might feel it

rather cold "up there." I donned this garment as we ascended, and I remember saying as we came thundering down, "Charley's coat will be torn to ribbons." So much for panoramic effects when the jaws of death seem to be yawning for us. To the possession of what is ordinarily termed "presence of mind" on the occasion, I disdainfully decline to lay claim. What I did in the matter of the grapnel and the ballast was done mechanically and wellnigh unconsciously; and I was desperately and mortally terrified. A few days after the accident I met the aéronaut's assistant, and I had the curiosity to sound him as to my demeanor during the fall.

"Sir," he very candidly replied, "you kept your mouth wide open, and you were as blue as your breeches."

I had been clad at the time in light summer attire. "And you?" I continued.

"Well out of it," quoth the aéronaut's assistant, who was seemingly a philosopher; and so went his way.

Meanwhile—the term is wellnigh inappropriate, since there was scarcely any "while" to be "mean"—the aéronaut, who looked like a sailor, had not lost his presence of mind, and had not been idle. He saw at a glance, this brave little old man—although he had been forgetful in the matter of the slip-knotted handkerchief—wherein our single chance of safety lay. He jumped up into the shrouds of the balloon, cut the cords which attached the neck of the machine to the hoop, and away to the very top of the netting flew the whole of the exhausted silk body of the sausage. Then it formed a cupola of the approved umbrella pattern—it formed a parachute! It steadied instantly. There was no collapse, and down we came swiftly, but easily, in a slanting direction, alighting among the cabbages in a market-garden, Fulham Fields. The car struck the elastic earth with violence, and rebounded, clearing a hedge, a distance of some twenty feet. Then the silk, and the netting, and the hoop, and the car itself, fell atop of us among the cabbages. We were dragged forth from the ruins of the sausage, only to be hustled and robbed of all the money in our pockets by a ruffianly crew of working market-gardeners; and the proprietor of the light cart, who consented to drive me from Fulham to Kensington Gore, demanded a guinea as his fare, on the ground that "balloons didn't fall every day." He was far from complimentary, too, about the accident itself, remarking ironically that this "was cum of carryin' up a lot of dogs and monkeys." This ingenuous but mercenary person had mistaken our wind-bag dragons and fishes swaling through the air, when we ascended, for living animals.

I will omit any account of the congratulations which were indulged in on our return to Gore House; yet I cannot conclude this paper without noting a pregnant but somewhat strongly-worded remark made by the little old aéronaut. While everybody was grasping his hands, and paying him well-deserved compliments on his intrepidity, he suddenly drew on one side, folded his arms, and sternly inquired, "Who the —— will say now that you can't come down in a parachute?" The manner of putting the query was irreverent, but the matter thereof was cogent. Three-and-twenty years after the event I have narrated, I find myself forcibly imbued with the conviction that it is possible to descend in safety from any height by means of a parachute, but that there are ten thousand chances to one against the man who tries the venture surviving to tell the tale. And please to remember that I had no intention of coming down in a parachute. I contracted to come down in a sausage balloon; but I will do the inventor the justice to mention that he never asked me for my share of the expenses.—George Augustus Sala, in Belgravia.

* I do not know whether it can be called on any but an Irish principle a coincidence; but it is still curious to remember that about ten years afterward I was on the verge of losing my life in consequence of an accident closely analogous to that which made an end of the sausage balloon. I was on board the Great Eastern, on her first trial-trip from Long Reach to Portland. The portion of one of the funnels passing through the ladies' saloon was encircled by a thin casing of iron, called a "steam-jacket," and which was filled with cold water to prevent the heat of the funnel becoming uncomfortable to the passengers. But either there was no safety-valve to this external cylinder, or the engineer in charge of it had omitted to keep it open. As it was, substituting steam for gas, the disaster of the "sausage" was re-enacted. The water in the jacket became heated, steam was generated, the vapor rapidly expanded, there was no escape for it, the cylinder burst, and thirteen men were scalded to death or horribly mutilated. My state-room was blown to pieces by the force of the explosion, and two minutes before that explosion took place I had been down to my berth in quest of a book.

POMPEII AT PARIS.

(From the French, for the JOURNAL.)

In the *Salle des Conférences du Boulevard des Capucines*, an Italian artist, Signor Giacomo Lutazzi, has just arranged an exhibition which affords the temporary illusion of a stroll through Pompeii. Both the eye and the imagination are alike deceived. By means of a system of photo-sculptured views carefully colored, and the boldness of whose relief is greatly enhanced by the way the artificial light is distributed, as also by the use of a magnifier, the visitor is transported right into the midst of this disinterred city. The belt of trees waving in the wind, the green turf encircling the walls, the murky pall which overhangs the lilac-tinted slopes of Vesuvius, the white clouds dotting the heavens, the deep shadow cast by the columns and projecting stone-work, all go to make up, as it were, a living frame for these interesting remains, which serves to accentuate their own immobility, and the deep silence which reigns over the place. Thus the general effect is startling in the extreme; and the ruins of this once wealthy commercial city are made to show as bones that lie bleaching in a churchyard. It reminds one—save for the dull, milky hue of the lime—the low style of architecture, constantly cut up by gardens, which is common throughout the East.

It was in 1748 that a laborer, in the course of his tillage, chanced to lay bare a portion of the ruins. No one even knew where Pompeii had stood. The excavations pushed forward in our day, with so much method and zeal, under the direction of Signor Giuseppe Fiorelli, the learned head of the National Museum at Naples, have only so far freed one-half of the town from its millions of tons of superincumbent ashes, coal-dust, and lava.

Well may archaeologists take the keenest interest in this great work, for it is snatching antique life from the grave.

This suite of reproductions which appear before one in their natural dimensions, shows in due order both the civic and the triangular forums; the Basilica—a rectangular court where justice was administered; the Way of the Tombs, with its border more suggestive of grace than sadness; the tragic theatre, the background of whose stage (*in lieu de endrop*) was the blue waves of the Mediterranean; the Villa of Diomedes, where oil was discovered in the amphora, or ancient pitchers; the Temple of Fortune, noted for the beauty of its columns; the habitations—termed of Cornelius Rufus, of Faunus, or of the tragic poet—which have supplied the most curious and best-preserved frescoes to the Naples Museum; the street which leads to Herculaneum; the Temples of Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, and of Iris; and the Pantheon of Augustus; the public baths, decorated with colored bass-reliefs; the comic theatre—smaller even than our own vaudeville; and the vast amphitheatre, upon whose piled-up tiers twenty thousand citizens and country folk could range themselves.

Certain restorations which have been ventured upon—scrupulously correct as they are—and placed in juxtaposition with the antique, serve greatly to the building up again of these battered and crumbling edifices, not only in the detail of their embossed and painted ornamentation, but even in the very habits of their inhabitants.

A view of the eruption of 1872, taken from the Vesuvian observatory on the night of April 2d, renews a pageant equal in splendor, tumult, and grand effects, to the eruption of A. D. 63, which engulfed Herculaneum and Pompeii. Gigantic tongues of fire licked the sky, mighty rivers of lava tore down the volcano's sides, and the very sea appeared to flow with thunder-bolts and lightning.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE made some comment, a month ago, on the tendency of the press to indulge in editorial opinions, generally of a most condemnatory and pessimistic nature, on some public sentiment or state of affairs which did not in reality exist, but an *eidolon* or image of which had been created entirely by the press itself.

Perhaps there could hardly be a better instance wherewith to point the remarks we then made—certainly there could be no instance more disastrously suggestive of the lengths to which this evil might be pushed—than the recent talk in the South about a "war of races."

That there was no sentiment sufficient to warrant such a phrase when it first became a catchword with the Southern journals, is the purport of all the really trustworthy evidence that comes to us through any sources that are not partisan and biased; that the phrase is still immeasurably too sanguinary and terrific for the fact, is hardly doubtful in the mind of any impartial reader of the pitiful daily stories of ruffianly brawls, that furnish material for the sweeping generalizations of unthinking or interested journalists.

"The Tennessee whites have given renewed illustration during the past week," says the *Nation* of a recent date in a most pregnant paragraph, "of their determination to prevent the insolent black man from attempting to maintain his impudent assertion of equality—the means taken being the hanging of a few helpless, utterly defenseless negro prisoners by a large mob of armed men. The pretext for this wholesale murder was the usual story, circulated in the neighborhood, that the blacks were on the point of rising; that 'four or five hundred armed negroes were marching into town to burn the buildings and kill the people'; that a hundred negroes had been seen, 'a portion armed, cleaning up every thing'; that the negroes were 'standing around groups of white men, trying to ascertain what they were talking about'; and that the negroes were 'organized over the entire country.' On the circulation of these reports, there was the usual excitement among the whites, who assembled from all quarters, to the number of one thousand men, ready to sell their lives dearly; but, strange to say, the opposing negro army could not be discovered anywhere, 'fourteen negroes, a portion armed,' being the only trace of an African rising to be found in the country."

"The pretext for this wholesale murder was the usual story;" the instance is so good that it hardly needs even our trifling of comment. It is an almost perfect illustration of the power of the press for evil; and, to understand the whole question of the needs and

uses of journalism, this side must receive more study than has yet been given to it.

So far as we know, this is almost the first case in which the press has actually been able to bring about something of the trouble that it always so diligently applies itself to lamenting and deprecating; generally the evil remains imaginary in spite of the efforts of the impetuous leading articles to evolve it from nothingness; but if there is really in the South "a war of races," it is this time very largely the absolute creation of the Southern newspapers, that have conjured white leagues and black leagues into being, commented to each upon the presumable action of the other, and sent the ruffians of both parties into the field to sicken the country, North and South, with outrages like that of the Trenton jail in Tennessee.

If we comment upon this somewhat dogmatically, if we say the press is so largely to blame, and yet do not enter here into more detailed reasoning to show how plainly this is true, it is because we have from the beginning watched this instance of our recently-propounded theory with something more of care than the unthinking reader of the Southern newspaper perhaps spends upon the matter. We by no means exonerate foolish legislators and hot-headed, partisan local authorities, on whose shoulders perhaps rests the shame of the actual acts of violence; but, from the beginning, there has been behind it all a popular catchword, that was primarily the invention of the press; an idea that thousands of half-educated or uneducated whites and negroes have had dinned into their ears by the editors of all the lesser and—unhappily—some of the greater journals; and a spectre of hatred and blood-thirstiness that might have been little more than an ugly nightmare but for its imprudent fostering.

We ask no better confirmation of our recent words than this most glaring instance.

— The Grangers of the West have done a good work in this respect at least, that they have recalled the attention of the people to the fact that railroads, as well as other corporations, are not creatures like that of Frankenstein, irresponsible when once created, but are always subject to the control of the Legislature, their creator. The Grangers and the Sovereigns of Industry have taken the position that monopolies are unjust, evil, and illegal, and have banded together for the purpose of opposing them. "If railroads and wholesale merchants combine illegally to bring about high prices," they say, "we will combine to obtain low prices." They have appealed to the law to limit the power of railroads, and to the people to condemn the injustice of combinations to raise prices.

It has probably never occurred to them that for the Grangers to agree that they will

not patronize a certain dealer in agricultural implements is equally illegal with the act of that dealer in a case where he combines with others of his trade to put an increased and arbitrary price upon his wares.

It is high time that the people should begin to look at this conflict of combinations in its true light. Between the State as the agent of individuals and the individual himself, the only two parties who have legitimately any thing to do with the determination of prices, two other great forces are appearing in the field, and are engaging in fierce battle over the questions whether commodities shall be high or low, hours of labor long or short, fares and wages moderate or excessive. This is all very amusing and exciting, no doubt, to the parties engaged, but what about the poor people who either do not know how or do not think it right to combine? Are prices to go hopping up and down in the most irregular manner by reason of leagues and covenants, and all at the expense of the law-abiding part of the community?

There is a remedy for this constantly aggravating state of affairs long known to the common law, and one which particularly harmonizes with our form of government. We believe that it will ultimately be applied here, and will be found as excellent a solution for our trade and labor troubles as any of the temporary expedients which have been suggested in such number. The enforcement, by judicial action, of the unwritten law, that two or more persons have no right to combine or make any agreement for the purpose of raising, lowering, or making permanent the price of any thing, would have, it seems to us, a wonderfully clearing effect. We see noticed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a decision which, though only enunciating anew a very old and sensible doctrine of English common law, may be interesting to large classes in this country who are violating its dicta. "A decision," says that paper, "important in itself, and rendered still more important by the legal dicta accompanying it, has just been pronounced by Baron Pollock at Manchester. The case was a charge of conspiracy preferred by one trade-union against certain members of another. The defendants, who belonged to the Manchester Self-acting Minders' Association, refused to work with a man named Patrick Killion, a member of a rival association, the product of a secession from their own, unless he became a member of the same union as themselves. Their employers were compelled in consequence to discharge Killion, and the union to which he belonged preferred the charge in question against the defendants. For the defense it was urged that there was no 'molestation or obstruction' within the definition of the first section of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which, it was argued, controlled the common law. Baron Pollock, however, reaffirmed the ruling of Mr. Justice Brett, in the gas-stokers' case,

In the most uncompromising terms, and illustrated his exposition of the law in a way that is certainly somewhat startling. 'It was,' he said, 'perfectly lawful for one man to say he would not ride in a particular omnibus, or buy bread from a particular baker, but if a body of men agreed together not to ride in that omnibus, or not to buy bread from that baker, that would be an improper interference with a man's earning his livelihood.' If this is good law, it is clear that the farmers of the eastern counties are indictable for conspiracy. They are a body of men who have agreed together not to employ certain laborers, and, though it would be perfectly lawful for one of them to refuse to employ them, it must be an illegal act, according to Baron Pollock's ruling, for them to combine for this purpose. The decision is capable of further application in a new direction. We understand that a well-known London firm have been obliged to discontinue supplying the Civil Service Coöperative Association, in consequence of the retail dealers in the articles which the firm supply having combined together to withdraw their custom from the firm unless they discontinue their dealings with the Coöperative Association. These dealers, it would seem from Baron Pollock's ruling, are also liable to indictment for conspiracy."

How long will it be before grand-juries will begin to bring indictments for conspiracies in such cases in this country? When they do, we have no doubt that a Baron Pollock will be found.

— The cynical old statesman who was wont to ask, when apprised of some disastrous event, "Who is the woman?" would seldom have gone unanswered when the event was the successful escape of some distinguished prisoner. Woman's devotion is fully as conspicuous as woman's mischief-making in history; and this has been once more illustrated in the escape of Marshal Bazaine, with the zealous assistance of his handsome and courageous young Mexican wife. To be sure, the first romantic tale of his departure from Isle Ste.-Marguerite, with its melodramatic garnishments of bloody ropes, the midnight scaling of rugged precipice, and the hurried rowing away to sea amid the breakers, has been rudely dissipated by the investigations into the event; and it is settled that the burly marshal walked prosily out of the postern-gate of the fortress, with the connivance of his under-jailers. Nevertheless, it was Madame Bazaine who planned and patiently wrought out the scheme of escape; and the story that she and her young cousin rowed the marshal out to sea in the early dawn, right under the guns of the fort, still stands good.

The story of her devotion to a husband nearly twice her age reads like a mediæval tale of chivalry, with the sexes reversed; and it has naturally recalled romantic incidents

of a similar kind, and equally creditable to the heroism of the sex in former times. A London paper aptly revives two stories of the kind, which, in the light of Madame Bazaine's exploit, are full of romantic interest. The escape of the Count de Lavalette from the Conciergerie, in 1818, was due to the tireless exertions and cunning strategy of his wife. Lavalette had been tried for high-treason against Louis XVIII., the just then restored Bourbon king. He was found to have conspired in behalf of Bonaparte, was brought in guilty, and sentenced to be guillotined. His wife gained access to his prison the night before the day on which he was to be executed, dressed him up in her clothes, hurried him into a sedan-chair, and thus he was carried out into the free air. But the allied armies then surrounded Paris, and, without powerful aid, the count could scarcely hope to pass the barriers without detection. Some of his friends, in the emergency, ventured to apply for aid to one of Wellington's generals, Sir Robert Wilson, who consented, had Lavalette appareled like an English officer, put him into a cab, and thus got him safely out of Paris and France. Meanwhile, Madame de Lavalette, found in the Conciergerie after her husband's departure, was kept imprisoned, without trial, for many months. The sequel to her story is more sad than, it is to be hoped, that of Madame Bazaine will be. Her anxieties and excitement produced insanity; and, although she ultimately recovered her reason, it was with shattered health and broken spirits.

The other story is that of the escape of the rebel Earl of Nithsdale, which took place exactly a century before that of Lavalette. Lord Nithsdale was one of those nobles who, in 1715, made the rash attempt to impose the Stuart pretender James on the English throne by force of arms. With the Earls of Derwentwater and Kenmure, he was tried for high-treason by the House of Lords, in Westminster Hall; and, being adjudged guilty by his brother-peers, he was sentenced, with the other two, to be executed on Tower Hill. Lord Nithsdale, too, had a devoted, self-sacrificing, and loving wife, who would not rest until she had done her all to save him. She haunted the antechambers of Parliament, and besought its leading members with eloquent tears; she hovered about the palace, and pleaded with the great nobles and with obdurate royalty itself.

It is said that brutal George I., when she cast herself at his feet and begged for mercy, kicked her; but she still clung to his coat, and, in the intensity of her devotion, forgot the deadly insult. But her supplications were vain. Then she racked her brain how to baffle her husband's enemies by her own efforts. The day before the execution came, with two trusted female friends, she repaired to the Tower, where her husband lay in durance. She plied the guards with drink, and they

soon lost count of how many women had passed in. The countess hurriedly dressed her husband in women's clothes, and the four passed unsuspected out of the Tower together. Lord Nithsdale and his heroic wife fled from England, and repaired to Italy, where they lived the remainder of their days in poverty and solitude.

The story were well ended if it could be said that Lady Nithsdale was repaid in their exile by the ceaseless veneration and love of him whose head she had saved; but the earl forgot her heroic act, and neglected and ill-treated her; so that it is a question whether Madame Lavalette, in her insanity, was not the more to be envied of the two.

— Happily we in this country have drifted, for the time at least, far from the dangers of constitutional problems and organic controversies. Neither of our existing parties is vexing itself about great organic principles; interpretations of the Constitution, questions likely to bring about sharp collisions between sections, have for the present apparently died away.

England is in a state of perpetual constitutional transition; indeed, the House of Commons is recognized as a constituent body, and its nearly every act is an organic change. France and Spain have got into a chronic constitutional crisis; Bismarck is still busy constitution-building for the new empire; constitution-architects are also hard at work at a similar edifice in Austria. But we have passed into political seas which, if they have a lack of sensation, have the advantages of tranquillity.

Stump-orators who, nowadays, should attempt to outbid their opponents by drawing harrowing pictures of the destruction which is to follow their own defeat, who should proclaim the terrible magnitude of the impending crisis, would be pretty sure to be laughed off the stand. The country certainly gains in some respects by the apathy into which the parties find themselves plunged. The fact that both of them are casting about in vain for a platform is one of good omen to the people at large. It argues that there are no very mighty breakers ahead from which the nation is to be saved by the politicians.

The "living questions" of the day are, indeed, pretty much confined to matters of current expediency and practical interests. Amid the torpor of parties the common-sense of the people has leisure to think deliberately about finance and trade, immigration and good or bad administration. An era has come when there is little persecution for party's sake; when the people are rather inclined to elect the best man, whatever the color of his political views. Their attention is, happily, called to subjects which are of interest to the individual, such as taxes and the future money basis, or of such general bearing as corruption or faithful service in office.

But the very want of any sensational or fear-inspiring element in the prominent questions of the day gives rise to the danger that, while they may interest the individual or the mass, they may not be considered with the serious care befitting their real importance. If, in this period of calm, the opportunity is seized to purify the government, and by a narrower scrutiny hold it to a stricter account—to consider deliberately the financial necessities, not of the passing hour, but of the broad future—a long material prosperity will have perhaps been anticipated.

Party rule, as a responsible agency, is very well; it is healthy, however, for a nation now and then to have a breathing-spell from party strife, and to be rid of agitations which for a time excite vigorous progress, and then debilitate by exhaustion. Macaulay died with the settled conviction that the United States would at some not distant day break up into five or six independent republics; and, when he said this, he was thinking rather of supposed collisions of commercial and industrial interests than of the disintegration which slavery might cause.

That there is no necessity for any such collision has been again and again demonstrated, not only in words, but by events; only a headlong forgetfulness of past warnings, and no heed now, at the propitious time, for subjects which may be prosaic, but certainly appeal to the welfare of every family in the land, can produce such a collision.

An urgent need is the selection of competent and honest men to make and administer the laws, with less regard to their "record"—so that it has not been actually unpatriotic—than to their business capacity and their ability and willingness to enforce purity in the administration, and put sound sense into the statutes.

Mathematics is the most universal in its application of all the sciences. There is scarcely an art into whose fundamental principles it does not enter, and scarcely a solecism which is not either founded upon, or accompanied by, a mathematical absurdity. Even taste in dress, which one might suppose to come nearer to pure intuition than any other of the ordinary affairs of life, is largely reducible to mathematical formulas. A notable instance of the disregard of this may be seen in many of the hats worn by girls and young women during the past summer. Everybody knows that, however pretty they may have been when displayed in the milliner's window, or gently rotated on the tip of her finger before the admiring eyes of the customer, they have produced an unspeakably ugly effect on the heads of the wearers. The reason of this is to be sought through a brief mathematical process.

The head is practically a globe. The hat is its protection from the weather and from excess of light. The normal place for the hat is, of course, on the top of the head. But, if the sun is shining, not from the ze-

nith, but from one side of the heavens, then it is perfectly legitimate to move the hat over to that side of the head; or, if the wearer has to walk in the opposite direction, then it may be changed to the other side of the head. If he wishes to see far up above the horizon, the hat may properly be moved to the back of the head; and, if the eyes are weak, or there is an unusual excess of light, it may as properly be moved down over the forehead. But, in all these movements, the axis of the hat will coincide with a diameter of the head, the relations of the two to each other will be mathematically the same, and the security of the fastening equal. The eye of the observer, therefore, cannot be offended with a hat in any of these positions, provided only that on the particular occasion there is some apparent reason for the particular position it occupies. But none of the reasons mentioned above, nor any other reason that can be imagined, will justify moving the hat back tangentially from the head it is designed to protect. Such a position suggests at once prevalence of a high wind and insecurity of fastening. The hat appears neither wholly useful nor at all comfortable. And it is because the hats of this season were pushed back tangentially from the head, and then propped up with extra hair or some other weak device, that they were so inexplicably ugly.

Among the many "moss-grown errors" which it is the delight of philosophers, moralists, and poets, to forever keep repeating, there is none which more needs exposure than that about Pleasure always eluding the grasp of her pursuers. So often has it been repeated that the mere attempt to enjoy one's self is enough to render enjoyment impossible, that it is a wonder that people have not, by the mere force of authority, given up altogether all essays at pleasure-seeking. Proverbs and parables, fables and metaphors, are all arrayed, not merely against the Epicurean who is supposed to live for pleasure only, but against all mortals. We are tired of that same array of cold-blooded apothegms. We are sorry that it was ever a necessary point of the mechanism of light, air, and sand, that such a phenomenon as the *mirage* should occur. Those apples of Sodom, too, which, though seeming fruit, turn to dust and ashes—with what painful dexterity have they been perpetually used by the people of woful countenance! Rainbows, snow-flakes in the river, leaf-shedding poppies, we are tired of you all! More destructive of pleasure than all else, you do your best to bring about the state of things of which you pretend to be typical!

"There can be no pleasure without thought, or without exertion that does not aim at pleasure, or the exercise of the moral powers," says a religious contemporary. Is it possible that the writer of those sentiments never went to sleep at night with an easy conscience, never took an afternoon nap, or enjoyed any slumber "on purpose?" Is it possible that he never went a-fishing and had a good time, and caught quite a respectable "string," without any exercise of the moral powers? What have oysters at their season, or watermelons

or roses, so curious in their constitution, that you must pretend to be going to church when you are really going to market, in order to prevent their losing their attractions for the senses? Exertion must aim at something else in order to hit pleasure, forsooth!

O writer of the corrugated brow, are you not aware that this is effort on your part, rather than truth? Or, are you blind and deaf, and have you lost your three other senses? For, if not, we marvel much that you can say, "We get pleasure when we follow other things, and lose it when we seek it for itself."

If there be any man with a life dreary enough to write this specious sentiment of the schools sincerely—a man who has never sought and gained pleasure through sight or hearing, and gained it consciously—then let all men pity him; it is full time that he began to eat his bread with joy, and to drink his wine (metaphorically) with a merry heart.

Literary.

THE eighth volume of the revised edition of *THE AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA*, just published, completes just half of the work. The volume contains eighteen hundred and seventy-two (1,872) articles, from *GLASGOW* to *HONTA*, covering 882 pages. These articles are illustrated with 253 engravings, two colored maps, and a two-page chart. Among the illustrations, which rank with the very finest productions of the wood-engraver's art, may be cited several of those devoted to the article *GLASS*. Of famous buildings here pictured, we may mention Greenwich Hospital, the Cathedral at Guayaquil, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, Hampton Court, Harrow School, Harvard University, Battle Abbey (at Hastings), the Castle of Hohenzollern, and Hawthorne's Old Manse at Concord, Massachusetts. Among the picturesque and intrinsically beautiful engravings of places are *Gronoble*, *Gwalior*, *Harper's Ferry*, the *Brocken*, the Fortress of Ham, Heligoland, Heidelberg, and Mount Hecla. The profusion of strictly practical illustrations may be seen in the articles *HEAT*, which contains fifteen figures; *GRASSES*, containing nine; *GRAFTING*, containing five; and *GLASS*, containing seventeen; besides the numerous articles in natural history, nearly all of which have one or more illustrations. *HERALDRY* is illustrated with a two-page chart, produced by the new actinic process.

Two pages, with several fine illustrations, are devoted to *HAIL*, by Professor Cleveland Abbe, of Washington, D. C.; four pages to a new article on the *HAWAIIAN OR SANDWICH ISLANDS*, by Titus M. Coan, M. D., who also writes *HILO* and *HONOLULU*.

Professor J. C. Dalton, M. D., contributes a new article on the *HEART*, occupying nearly four pages, with three illustrations, while Professor Austin Flint, M. D., devotes six pages to *DISEASES OF THE HEART*, and also writes up *HAY-COLD*, giving the results of the latest investigations of that horribly interesting subject.

HOMEOPATHY is treated by Egbert Guernsey, M. D., a celebrated physician of that school in this city—from the statistical part of whose article we learn that the school now (1874) numbers six thousand physicians and nine colleges in the United States.

Professor Alfred M. Mayer, of Hoboken, discusses HARMONY, in four pages, with several musical diagrams.

Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer and author, contributes new articles on GRAVITY and HALO.

J. G. Shea, LL. D., of this city, contributes numerous articles on various tribes of North-American Indians, and on early missionaries and explorers of this continent.

Professor George Thurber, as in several previous volumes, contributes the botanical articles, among the most important of which are GRAFTING, GRAPE, and GRASSES.

A page is devoted to the WINES of GREECE, by C. S. Weyman, who contributed the articles on wines of France and Germany to the preceding volume.

Some of the recent geographical and governmental changes in Germany, frequently so puzzling to the ordinary reader, are set forth in the articles on the HESSES, by Professor A. J. Schem.

In recent American biography, which for many will form one of the most valuable features of the revised edition, there is a sketch of Horace Greeley; one of President Grant, occupying four pages, and brought down as late as his veto on the currency-inflation bill; one of Dr. Hayes and Charles F. Hall, the arctic explorers; of Bret Harte; of James Hall, the geologist; of Parke Godwin and Murat Halstead, journalists; and of E. O. Haven, Gilbert Haven, Julian Hawthorne, John Hay, F. V. Hayden, the geologist, Louis M. Gottschalk, and Dr. J. G. Holland.

Among the geographical and historical articles which have required revision for recent changes and explorations are GREECE, GOLD COAST, GUATEMALA, GRAHAM ISLAND (that curious phenomenon in the Mediterranean which reappeared in 1868), HONDURAS, and all the American articles affected by the census of 1870.

Ernst Heinrich Haeckel, the German naturalist, who has come into celebrity since the old edition was issued, occupies, with his philosophical theories, over two pages.

It is desirable not only to possess such a cyclopædia, but to know how to use it. It is not for literary men alone, nor for amateur antiquarians; it is not merely a repository of historical curiosities; it is crowded with the utmost practical information on all the topics of every-day life and business, and therein lies its greatest value to the general reader. There is not a business or professional man, of whatever calling, who cannot find here a careful and authoritative treatment of the topics of his own trade, generally with an abundant citation of sources whence more minute information may be gained. If one who never reads any thing but newspapers (and what a vast multitude are included in that category!) should keep a set of a popular cyclopædia like this within easy reach, and should read up from day to day only those topics which are directly suggested by the news or the editorial discussion of the day, not many years would pass before he would possess a fair equivalent for a liberal education. As we have remarked in a previous article, the great strength of the AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA lies in its rigidly careful treatment of the thousands of minor topics to which the ordinary reader will be continually referring, and which he will find nowhere but in a cyclopædia.

Apart from any bearing on the discussion of a theory, and altogether apart from its scientific aspect, the analysis of Mr. Darwin and his works given in Professor Tyndall's ad-

dress before the British Association is a piece of criticism so subtle of appreciation, so keen and expressive, so vigorous, that we quote it here rather than in our scientific column; it is as much a literary as a scientific critique, and one of the best that could be passed upon a work which friends and enemies alike concede to be one of the most wonderful existing monuments of individual labor. Tyndall says: "Mr. Darwin shirks no difficulty; and, saturated as the subject was with his own thought, he must have known better than his critics the weakness as well as the strength of his theory. This, of course, would be of little avail were his object a temporary dialectic victory, instead of the establishment of a truth which he means to be everlasting. But he takes no pains to disguise the weakness he has discerned; nay, he takes every pains to bring it into the strongest light. His vast resources enable him to cope with objections started by himself and others, so as to leave the final impression upon the reader's mind that, if they be not completely answered, they certainly are not fatal. Their negative force being thus destroyed, you are free to be influenced by the vast positive mass of evidence he is able to bring before you. This largeness of knowledge and readiness of resource render Mr. Darwin the most terrible of antagonists. Accomplished naturalists have leveled and sustained criticisms against him, not always with a view of fairly weighing his theory, but with the express intention of exposing its weak points only. This does not irritate him. He treats every objection with a soberness and thoroughness which even Bishop Butler might be proud to imitate, surrounding each fact with its appropriate detail, placing it in its proper relations, and usually giving it a significance which, as long as it was kept isolated, failed to appear. This is done without a trace of ill-temper. He moves over the subject with the passionless strength of a glacier; and the grinding of the rocks is not always without a counterpart in the logical pulverization of the objector. But though in handling this mighty theme all passion has been stilled, there is an emotion of the intellect incident to the discernment of new truth which often colors and warms the pages of Mr. Darwin. His success has been great; and this implies not only the solidity of his work, but the preparedness of the public mind for such a revelation."

An interesting archaeological matter connected with China has recently excited some discussion in England, one of the reviews speaking of it as follows: "An interesting paper, which has since been published separately, under the title of 'The Stone Drums of the Chou Dynasty' (Harrison & Sons), was recently read before the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, by Dr. Bushell, of Peking, on some ancient inscriptions which are preserved at the present day in the Confucian Temple in that capital. About the time that the characters on the now famous Moabite stone were carved at Dibon, a Chinese courtier in the train of King Huan (a. c. 827-782) shaped ten water-worn bowlders, which he collected from the foot of the parent-mountain in the modern province of Shensi, into the form of truncated pillars, and traced on their rounded tops as many odes, descriptive of the sport which his royal master had enjoyed in the neighboring districts. No other record, at least as far as is known, was kept of the hunting expeditions of King Huan, nor did the compositions or the name of the poetical courtier find mention in the very meagre histories of the period. . . . The inscriptions on the drums are of great value as furnishing well-authenticated specimens of the characters in use during the ninth century before Christ. From an examination of them it is plain that writing had then reached the transition period, when the original hieroglyphics were being

gradually moulded into the phonetic form of characters now employed. The poems, of which Dr. Bushell has given us exact copies, as well as translations as far as is possible from the present mutilated condition of the drums, are written in a precisely similar style to that of the Book of Odes compiled by Confucius, and this, among other well-grounded arguments, is adduced by Dr. Bushell as a proof of the date to which they undoubtedly belong."

Some one in an English review has unearthed the following lines, which call attention to a defect that does not seem to have been noticed of late years in Ben Jonson's bust in Westminster Abbey. The lines are taken from "A Choice Collection of Poetry, most carefully collected from Original Manuscripts," by Joseph Yarrow, Comedian, York, 1738:

"*O Rare Ben Jonson!* what, a Turn-coat grown?
Thou ne'er r'g'd wore such till thou wast clad in Stone;
When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat, impairs,
Thou'lt find a Patron in an Hundred Years;
Let not then this Mistake disturb thy Sp'r't,
Another Age shall set thy Buttons right."

The Cobden-Club volume on "Local Government," which will appear in February, will contain: The Local Government of England, by Hon. George Brodrick; of Scotland, by Mr. Caird; of France, by Comte de Franquerville; of Germany, by Mr. R. B. D. Morier; of Holland and Belgium, by M. Emile de Laveleye; of Spain, by Señor Moret y Prendergast; of Russia, by Mr. Ashton W. Dike; and also an essay on the Local Government of Ireland. This volume will be edited by Mr. Probyn.

"*Mr. Henry Blackburn,*" says the *Athenaeum*, "has in the press a new book, called 'Britannia Picturesque,' to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It will have numerous illustrations by R. Caldecott and other artists."

Fine Arts.

THE deep interest felt by people of intelligence and culture from the outset in the Metropolitan Museum has been justified and sustained in the manner of its management. New York, from time to time in years past, has had many art-collections of some interest open to public visitors, but never before any which had in it the elements of representative value and usefulness. The large and genuine interest of art must be crystallized in something permanent, some centre which has its root in the confidence of the public—something, in brief phrase, which has the capacity of healthy growth.

Such conditions are so judiciously met in the Metropolitan Museum of Art that we see in it the fulfillment of a long-pressing need. Having its inception in the desire felt by a few cultivated and liberal gentlemen to secure for New York the Dr. Cesnola collection of antiquities exhumed at Cyprus, it has gradually grown into a repository of loan-collections of great value. The large number of fine paintings, illustrating all the old schools, which the owners would hardly have permitted to pass out of their private galleries under any other conditions, reveals to us how many art-treasures there are in the country hitherto unknown to the public, even to many connoisseurs. The collection of old Dutch and Flemish paintings can hardly be surpassed except in the oldest and best art-galleries of Europe, and furnishes to the student facilities of study which are simply invaluable. Of the other loan-supplies, notably those of ancient arms and armor, porcelain, *brio-à-brac*, and line-engravings, there is no need to speak, for these have become widely known to the lovers of art in New York. The last annual report

of the museum, only recently issued, tells us that there have been valuable additions to its treasures, and that there is likely to be a still greater reinforcement. Aside from the features of the exhibition which have become the permanent property of the institution, its value as a depository of the private works scattered through the country will be almost inestimable. Unsuspected wealth has been developed in this direction, and we may forecast results which will surprise and delight in the future even more than in the past.

But, after all, the unique feature of the Metropolitan Museum is the Di Cesnola collection. Perhaps it may not interest the casual spectator as much as the paintings and statuary, but its value is almost inestimable, not merely from the fact that it is the most complete of its kind in the world, but because it teaches facts and hitherto-missing links in the history of art as essential to its intelligent survey as are fossil flora and fauna to the science of geology. These archaeological treasures have, since their exhibition, been the subject of study by eminent English and American scholars, and important conclusions have been deduced, bearing not only on the history of art, but also on sociology and history in general. It is a matter of sincere congratulation to Americans that, through the liberality of the president of the institution, this priceless collection has been preserved to America.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reading public that the explorer to whom the world owes these antiquities, after arranging them on the museum-shelves, returned again to Cyprus to renew his investigations. General di Cesnola has expressed the wish that all of the fruits of his work may be preserved in the one collection, and, in accordance with this, has continued to send valuable relics discovered by further digging. These are at present only on loan, awaiting the power of the museum or its individual patrons to purchase them. Although the execution of the contracts made with the explorer were suspended by the disastrous panic of last fall, he has refused to deal with offers of purchase from European sources, and has continued the excavations at his own expense.

A considerable number of gold ornaments and jewelry, obtained since his last return from Cyprus, are now on their way to this country, and will be desirable additions to the collection. Of the original purchase-money there yet remains about fifteen thousand dollars to be paid, not a large sum when measured by the well-known art-liberality of this people. The trustees in their report make an earnest appeal to the members and to the public at large, urging the immediate subscription of this sum, as well as sufficient to guarantee the possession of whatever may be the result of General di Cesnola's excavations in the future. We heartily second this appeal, and urge upon the art-loving community that in no direction can so small an expenditure insure such valuable results. The collection, when completed, will give to the Metropolitan Museum of Art what is possessed nowhere else in the world—a full illustration of the birth, childhood, nursing, education, youth, and development of Greek art. "At some day in the future," to use the closing paragraph of the report, "the American student may find in our cabinet and rooms a reasonably complete illustration of the history of art in various departments, from the first rude moulding of clay into form by a Phoenician in early days, through Asiatic, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, medieval, and modern influences."

Surely such a promise as this—a promise

by no means unwarranted by the short but eloquent past of the museum—should suffice to attract the warmest sympathy and help from wealthy lovers of art in America.

In accordance with the spirit of its founding, the institution throws open its portals every Monday to free admission. The average attendance on these days has been nearly twelve hundred, and ultimately the museum will, we presume, be made free altogether, as are the great art-galleries of Europe. No art exhibition ever reaches its climax of usefulness except as a free institution, in spite of the well-known fact of human nature, that people value and enjoy most what they are obliged to pay for. Nevertheless, facilities of art-study, like those of education and religion, should be as liberal and unhampered as possible.

It is to be hoped that the directory of the museum will yet take some steps to institute a school of design in connection with the museum. Much intelligent fault has been found both with the Cooper school and the Academy of Design as falling far short of the needs of American art-students, and there is a growing sense of necessity of a more broad and liberal foundation of teaching. This can nowhere be done so well as in connection with a representative art-collection. The facilities for studying the history of art would be unsurpassed, and the museum for good be vastly extended.

Such a project, however, must be a thing of the future. When the trustees have secured a permanent resting-place, it will be time enough to agitate the matter persistently. The immediate wants of the museum are that the debt should be cleared, and sufficient funds raised to effect the security of the Cypriote collection. When this is done, there will be nothing to raise a question as to its certain success and growth.

Music and the Drama.

Mark Smith.

IN the death of Mark Smith the world of art is called on to lament, if not one of its most distinguished ornaments, at least a most faithful and scholarly exponent of its best principles. Ripe and finished actors of the old school are becoming so scarce that the gradual departure, one by one, of these genuine artists is a calamity which occasions alarm. The severe and rigid demands of an earlier day wrought a class of artists who thoroughly knew the business of their difficult art. Not then, as now, could the lazy impatience of a half-fledged actor elude the necessity of a long apprenticeship by becoming a "star."

Mr. Mark Smith was identified with the brightest days of the more recent American dramas, and his name recalls a brilliant constellation of gifted spirits, among whom he himself was highly honored as a studious and faithful devotee to his art. During recent years he has been specially identified with a class of characters which lend to the histrionic art some of its most pure, healthy, and delightful images of life. We refer to the genial and benevolent "old gentleman" of the mimic life of the stage in its diversified types. Mr. Smith's conception of this class of characters came fresh and true from a mellowness of character and warmth of heart which made him no less lovable as a man than he was admirable as an artist. Few could see him in his more sympathetic line of impersonations without feeling a thrill of manly sweetness and nobility that shot straight from the heart of the

actor to that of the auditor. It is in this, we think, that Mark Smith's memory will find its enduring memorial—not merely that his art was the means of intellectual recreation, but that it had in it something ennobling by its suggestions of all that was best and manliest in human nature. This fine flavor is so uncommon that its loss can hardly be over-estimated. It cannot be simulated even by genius. It must be a part of the actor's inner nature, and diffuse itself about its intellectual work, as with the lambent glow of twilight. All that Mark Smith did was bathed in this atmosphere, and transfigured.

Estimating the deceased actor by the formal conditions of art, it must be admitted that he lacked the breadth and flexibility which we associate with the names of some of our other great comedians—Burton, Blake, and Gilbert. He was ever so true to his own intellectual conscience, and close in his studies of character, that his outlines had the semblance at times of rigidity. Yet this fault, if fault it was, was always condoned in the mind by the thought that it was the negative result of severe and studious art-work. He might sometimes be conventional, but he never failed to convey an impression as clear-cut and distinct as a marble statue. With a vivid and accurate knowledge of what he designed to photograph on the thoughts of his audience, the resources of his art were held in such admirable command that he always wrought his meaning into shapes of unmistakable force and individuality. But it was his special and peculiar glory that through these characterizations there shone and burned something beyond the reach of mere intellect and art, the magnetic warmth of a true, noble, healthy nature.

The range of Mark Smith's powers was wide, including most of Shakespeare's best-known comic characters, and the happiest creations of modern comedy. With many of these his name will be permanently identified in the history of the American stage as one of the most graphic and powerful delineators of the generation in which we live. His death will be generally felt to have caused a chasm which it will be difficult if not impossible to fill, even with approximative satisfaction.

Before this brief tribute to his memory will have reached the eye of the public, it is probable that the committee to whom the sorrowful task has been deputed will have made some arrangement to organize a benefit for his family. Mr. Smith's dearest hopes were centred in a young daughter of great promise, who has been studying music, with reference to the operatic stage, in Italy. It is said that the honored actor has not left much property, for his nature was too generous and sympathetic to permit the acquirement of wealth. It is to be hoped that the respect for his memory will take a shape that would have met his own cherished wishes, in the assistance of one that he loved so dearly in her preparation for an art-life. No more graceful and fitting tribute could be laid on the honored grave of Mark Smith.

The appearance of Mr. Toole, the English comedian, in a second character, that of *Paul Pry*, does not offer excuse for essentially varying the estimate suggested by his performance of *Hammond Coote*. In rollicking breadth and richness of humor, which holds an audience with an irresistible grasp, and keeps them convulsed with laughter, Mr. Toole seems to present but little claim to our admiration. We have had so many comedians of this well-marked type that the English actor would

suffer sadly in comparison were this his only appeal to our sympathies. But Mr. Toole has qualities peculiarly his own, which, though not illustrated, we think probable, by his most effective *rôles* so far, will compensate in the make-up of a true and finished artist. He seems to paint, not with broad and vigorous dashes of the brush, but with delicate touches. He seems to suggest even more than he reveals in his portraiture of character. The prevalent moderation of his dramatic style will not captivate the average American audience perhaps, but it may be not less consistent with artistic truth than the more bold and exaggerated form to which we have been accustomed.

Mr. Toole unquestionably fits best into those characters where the humor is not the uncolored play of a single beam, strong, dazzling, and intense, but broken up into its prismatic tints. It is not for him to present the unalloyed force which arouses the sympathies into a sense of uproarious amusement. His finest insight seems to be in that border-land of humor which dwells hard by pathos, where laughter is flavored with tenderness, and the source of tears not distant from that of smiles. It is true we have nothing of this in *Paul Pry*, but the instincts of Mr. Toole display themselves in the way he softens and subdues the conventional form of the character. He makes us see *Paul Pry* no less true to Mr. Poole's text and surroundings than usual, but yet the character is less offensive and disagreeable. His success in giving light and shade to the surroundings of his hero's inquisitive impertinence is quite marked, but one in taking the acquaintance home can fancy himself as quite as likely as usual to use the toe of his boot.

This inherent kindness and quiet geniality shown in *Hammond Coote* is a remarkable fashion, and gave an effective interest to the play, entirely lacking in dramatic vigor and ingenuity. We are much mistaken if Mr. Toole's powers do not find more ample scope in other plays of his repertory than any which have yet been given.

Among the amusement-schemes with which the present season is pregnant, one fathered by Mr. J. N. Pattison, the well-known pianist, is so novel and interesting that we cannot forbear making some allusion to it. The plan proposes a lecture on music, illustrated by the performance of representative pieces of the great masters. We quote from Mr. Pattison's own programme as best indicative of the details of his plan :

Introduction.

The purpose and intent of composers.

Analogy between music and painting.

The earlier masters as represented and embodied in Handel.

(Piano.)—*Grand Fugue in E minor*, *Georg Friedrich Händel*.

The sonata and symphony as carried to their highest perfection in Beethoven.

(Piano.)—*Grand Sonata in C sharp minor, "Moonlight," op. 21*.....*L. van Beethoven*. The modern school of perfect technique as exemplified in the Thalberg-Liszt school.

(Piano.)—*La Campanella (The Little Bell), Etude de Paganini*.....*Franz Liszt*.

The lyric poetry of music as instanced by Chopin.

(Piano.)—*Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2*, *Frédéric Chopin*.

The dreamy, mental atmosphere of the south as idealized by Gottschalk.

(Piano.)—*Murmures d'Océans*, *Louis Moreau Gottschalk*.

Natural phenomena portrayable in music.

(Piano.)—*The Storm-Petrel (descriptive fantasia)*, *J. N. Pattison*.

Closing remarks.

The lecture, as will be seen, will have its points vividly illustrated by piano-forte performances. Mr. Pattison is a brilliant *virtuoso*, and has but few equals in the United States as an executant. It cannot be expected that his oratorical powers are equally effective, as indeed it is not desirable. The spoken parts of the entertainment will probably serve as clews for the better understanding of the musical numbers, rather than *vise versa*. However this may be, the plan has in it so much of originality and interest as to commend itself to the curiosity of the country. It is easy to imagine such a lecture-concert, if ably carried out in both of its departments, as likely to be brilliantly successful, and of genuine value in helping intelligent art-culture.

A recent article by a French writer brings out from obscurity a mysterious collaborator of Meyerbeer's, who enjoyed, though in modest retirement, portion of that triumph of which Scribe took the greatest part. We refer to Emile Deschamps. The second act of "*Les Huguenots*" and the magnificent duet in the fourth act emanated from the pen of that amiable writer. He himself, seated by the fireside, related how it was he had been called upon to embroider the canvas of one of Meyerbeer's sublime inspirations: "At the rehearsal of '*Les Huguenots*', when that admirable artist Nourrit, who played *Raoul*, came to the *finale* in the fourth act, when he is at *Valentine's* feet, while the Protestants are being massacred on the Grève, he felt instinctively that it was impossible for *Raoul*, while only at two paces' distance from the massacre, to remain longer with a woman. At that time there was no cry from *Valentine* of 'Je t'aime!' 'Oh,' said Nourrit one day to Scribe, 'were this woman to say to *Raoul*, for the purpose of keeping him, that she adored him, he would certainly remain; but she does not say so, and yet he stops. It is impossible.' Then acting the scene that might take place between the lovers after *Valentine's* confession, Nourrit added: 'If she had avowed her love, I should run up to her, and take her in my arms, deaf to the cries of those who were being murdered and to the report of the arquebuses; I should see only her. All the worse. You have said it, you have said it: you love me!' 'Tant pis; tu l'as dit, tu l'as dit: tu m'aimes!' At these words Scribe suddenly stopped him. 'You have hit it,' said he. 'That's it.' Hurrying off to Emile Deschamps, he described the scene to him, and quoted the very words used. Then and there Emile Deschamps wrote the duet, which Scribe carried off to Meyerbeer."

A grand "Messa da Requiem," composed by Signor A. Sala, of Verona, at the order of the government, was solemnly celebrated in the metropolitan Cathedral of St. John, at Tarin, on the funeral anniversary of the late King Charles Albert. It was written for three solo singers and chorus, the three former being Signor Tintorer, tenor; Signor De Magnani, baritone; and Signor Padovani, bass; while the latter consisted of some of the best pupils from the Liceo, reinforced by several experienced singers of a riper age. The orchestra comprised the best executants to be procured, and the composer himself conducted. The "Requiem" united to the "Te Deum" and "Kyrie;" the "Tuba mirum;" the "Ingemisco;" the "Rex tremenda majestatis;" a fine four-part fugue in the "Offertorium," three of the parts being confided to the chorus and one to the bass; the "Sanctus;" and the "Liber," may be specially mentioned as very good.

A Chinese theatre has just been opened at San Francisco. The audience on the first night numbered about eighteen hundred spectators. As a large number did not understand one word of Chinese, they were not, perhaps, the best judges of the drama they had assembled to witness. From those, however, who are better acquainted with the idioms of the Celestial Empire, we learn that the drama was divided into sixteen acts and forty-two scenes. It was a pleasant succession of quarrels, intrigues, assassinations, suicides, funerals, poisonings, desperate pursuits, hair-breadth escapes, and Heaven knows what besides. The com-

pany numbered no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two performers. Decency and good manners had been as little respected by the author or authors as the ears of the non-Chinese portion of the audience were respected by the orchestra. The grand feature of the drama was a duet, sung by two cows, represented by two artists enveloped in the skins of those interesting lactiferous animals and ornamented with their horns. The costumes were very magnificent, but the music was fearfully Chinese. The performance lasted from seven p. m. till three a. m. the next day; but, then, refreshments, in the shape of tea, cigars, and cigarettes, were liberally supplied by the management. The prices of admission were: first places, five dollars; second, three dollars; and third, two dollars. The cost of erecting and decorating the theatre, and of supplying it with scenery, dresses, and appointments, was fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. H. C. Jarrett will accompany Madame Christine Nilsson-Rouaud to St. Petersburg. Mr. Jarrett was the first (through Mr. Mapleson) to introduce this great artist to an English public, and (through M. Strakosch) to an American public. There is every probability of Madame Nilsson's making a final operatic and concert tour in America next year. It is rumored that she will shortly retire from public life. She can well afford it. Her career, though comparatively short, has been glorious, and, if she retires, she will retire in the zenith of her powers, with scarcely room for another laurel on her already overcharged brow.

The *Musical World*, in speaking of one of M. Strakosch's last year's troupes, says: "M. Capoul has returned from the United States, and signed an engagement for St. Petersburg and Moscow. At Her Majesty's Opera—thanks to Signori Campagni, Gilandi, etc.—this hyper-sentimental French tenor was not greatly misused."

All the world of connoisseurs is speaking about a young daughter of the late Sigismund Thalberg, a phenomenon, it is asserted by those who have heard her—an Adelina Patti on heré. It is said that Mr. Gye has engaged her for the Royal Italian Opera.

Among the musical novelties of the ensuing season in England will be an oratorio, to be produced at Manchester, founded on Bunyan's immortal book, and called "Christian, the Pilgrim; or, The Pilgrim's Progress." Libretto by Arthur Mathison; music by Mr. Alfred Phamton.

A series of *fêtes* was recently given at Avignon in commemoration of the fifth centenary of Petrarch. A grand mass was performed on the occasion, and there was music of all kinds during the week.

Science and Invention.

M R. A. W. CHASE, of the United States Coast Survey, in a recent communication to the California Academy of Sciences "On Fishing by Means of Explosives," presented the following brief description of the method employed in this modern mode of sea-fishing. Having rowed out in a skiff from shore to where the water was from six to eight fathoms in depth, and where its clearness rendered the bottom plainly visible, he would drop an explosive cartridge, the fuse of which had been so graduated as to explode at a point half-way between the surface and the bottom. "The cartridge," he states, "would slowly sink—generally in a spiral—and a few bubbles of air or smoke arise to the surface. When the fire reached the fulminate of mercury, there would be a sudden white flash, then a quick, sharp detonation, the blow striking the bottom of the skiff as if some one had struck it with a hammer. Then, in a space of time varying from eight to ten minutes, every fish within a radius of forty or fifty yards would slowly come to the surface. Those within the immediate vicinity of the explosion, of course, were

killed by bursting the bladder and injury to the large intestines, and had to be speared up from the bottom. Those, however, at a greater distance would be simply stunned, and could be taken in with a net. Care had to be taken to avoid touching those only slightly stunned until the net was fairly around them, as the slightest blow would arouse them from their torpor."

Following this description of the method is the following statement, for the truth of which he vouches, and yet which, according to his own admission, might well be regarded as a genuine "fish-story": "I had brought up by an explosion a number of yellow-bass fish, weighing about four pounds each. These are delicious in chowder; and so, instead of putting them in alcohol, I had them cleansed, which was done by scaling, removing the intestines, and cutting off the fins and tail. The head, however, still remained joined to the back-bone. These fish, from the time they had been taken from the water up to the time of cleaning, remained apparently lifeless. Nor did the removal of the intestines arouse them. They were then taken up to the old barracks, where I was temporarily camped, and hung upon nails driven into the clapboards. Some little time after they had been thus disposed of, one of the men came in and asked me to go out to look at the fish. I did so, and found every individual bass slapping around in as lively a manner as if he had been freshly caught and hung up. They had, in fact, recovered from the explosion, and proceeded to die in the common fashion. I took one down, and broke the back-bone where it joined the head. Its struggles ceased instantly, thus showing that the vital force had been arrested in the nerve-centres and brain at the time of explosion; and, when the effect had passed away, that the fish had resumed a galvanic life. It was probably about half an hour from the time of explosion when this occurrence took place. I have not been able since, however, to secure the same result, although I must state that the only time since then that I have tried the experiment was on the Oregon coast, where I brought up a school of salmon, all of which were pickled for Agassiz. The fish were, however, too close to the explosion, as they were killed outright."

The *Scientific American*, under the head of "A Chance for Inventors," states that "while there is no reason to doubt the possibility of devising an electric motor capable of doing heavy work as economically as the steam-engine, there can be no question that, for light service, a satisfactory electric engine is one of the most widely-felt needs of the age. All that is lacking to meet this want is a suitable battery; in other words, a simple, compact, portable, and, if possible, dry apparatus, capable of generating a steady current of electricity for a considerable period without renewal; capable of standing unused without material waste, yet able to give out its full power on the instant when required; capable of being easily and cheaply kept in working order, free from fumes, and not liable to leak or spill its contents under ordinary circumstances." A reference to one of our recent "notes" on this subject will remind our readers that this view of the matter has already been advanced by us. Were we to add to the requirements as above given, it would be that there be obtained some less expensive elements as sources of the currents. Already we have reached great perfection in the mechanical contrivances needed to apply and distribute the electric force; hence the problem, as it now stands, is

one for the chemist and physicist, rather than the mechanic or inventor.

In a recent letter to the *Scientific American* Mr. Thomas Hotchkiss, of Stratford, Connecticut, narrates the following interesting anecdote, illustrating "the ant's instinct." The occasion was a sea-voyage, and the scene of this strategic warfare was the ship's pantry, which had long been infested with ants and roaches. "Here," says the writer, "I discovered on the lower shelf a number of large black ants in a huddle, and a half-dozen by themselves, and on the opposite side of the shelf was some sugar, which the ants did not seem to notice, which caused me to wonder; the reason, however, soon became apparent. A cockroach made his appearance, and went for the sugar; and the group of ants went for him, and before he fairly got a taste of the sugar, they had him down and killed him in less than a minute; then the six that stood apart from the rest advanced, took up the dead cockroach, and bore him off the field. The others remained on the watch, and as soon as another appeared they all pitched in and made short work, as before. In the mean time, the pall-bearers had returned, and took this one off the field, as they had done the other. I watched until I saw this enacted a half-dozen times, and it was done as regularly as it could have been by men. The ants kept on killing the cockroaches until they had entirely cleared them out, which took but a short time."

Among the recent physical problems is that suggested by the fact that a ball or bar of solid iron will float upon a molten mass of the same metal. To account for this it has been argued that iron, like water, expands on solidifying, and hence that solid iron is specifically lighter than when in a molten state, and that, this being the case, the iron floats just as does ice in water. Unfortunately for the acceptance of this theory, it is stated by its opponents, and with good reason, that iron does not expand as described, and hence is not subject to the law that governs ice. The second and apparently just theory to account for the phenomenon is that, when a ball of solid iron is brought in contact with the molten metal, it does not sink, owing to a film of air adhering to it, which repels the molten iron and prevents contact. This phenomenon will be at once recognized as kindred to that known as the spheroidal state of liquids.

In speaking of Professor Tyndall's recent address before the British Association, which is, of course, a leading topic of English discussion, the *Examiner* brings up this point: "Professor Tyndall paid a deserved compliment to Mr. Herbert Spencer in the course of his compact history of the various theories of life. But why was the learned professor so emphatic in pointing the distinction between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. John Stuart Mill? He committed an historical impropriety in so doing. He spoke as if Mr. Mill's philosophic position had been taken up in direct opposition to Mr. Spencer's views, and not to the transcendentalism to which Mr. Spencer's theory is quite as much opposed as Mr. Mill's. The main position of the school to which Mr. Mill adhered is not affected by Mr. Spencer's speculations: the range of experience is merely transferred from the individual to the race."

The interest excited in the popular mind by the researches of modern science may be largely attributed to the fact that the student, though advocating a new theory, depends large-

ly for its support upon the testimony of the unprofessional observer. These observers, in turn, become more observing, and, what is equally important, record and publish the results of their observations. It is well known that Darwin, when desiring to sustain or refute some new theory to which his mind is directed, at once opens a general correspondence on the subject, with a view of obtaining "facts" wherewithal to build or destroy. In no department of science are these general observations of more value than in natural history; hence any anecdotes of animals are always welcome, and often of the greatest importance.

Late European advices announce the death, on the 11th of July, of Paul Rosa, the able assistant of Padre Secchi in the Astronomical Observatory of the Roman College. He has but just published, in the *Atti dell' Accademia Pontificia de' Nuovi Lincei*, a memoir, "Identité de la Période des Phénomènes Photosphériques et des Phénomènes Magnétiques en Connexion avec le Mouvement Propre du Soleil." It was upon the very careful observations of Paul Rosa, made during the year 1871-'72, that Padre Secchi founded his theory of the periodic changes in the diameter of the sun's apparent disk, which has recently been the subject of so much discussion in the scientific world.

M. le Comte Gustave Doucet de Pontécoulant died at his château, Pontécoulant (Calvados), on the 21st of July. His memoirs upon the great comet of Halley gave him a universal reputation. His mathematical papers, which were of great importance, and showed the greatest assiduity and no low degree of mathematical ability, led to his being named a Foreign Associate of the Royal Society of England and the Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium.

Contemporary Sayings.

"By Casabianca-ism," says the *Saturday Review*, "is to be understood a blind adherence to the letter of an order, or of an engagement, or to a state of things, when all the conditions under which the order was promulgated, or the engagement entered into, or the state of things came into existence, have essentially altered. Of course, it was an act of sublime obedience in Casabianca to remain where his father had told him, to perish in the flames, and in a child such an action was not only magnificent, but perfectly intelligible. But, had he possessed the mental flexibility which comes with maturer years, he would probably have perceived that the tremendous change in the state of things on board the Orient, since his father's order was given, virtually canceled that order, and restored to him his freedom of action. When the order was given, the vessel was intact and in good fighting condition, and it was presumably for some useful strategic purpose that he was stationed at his post. His father was alive to direct the movements which the occasion required. The case was entirely altered by the course of subsequent events. The ship had caught fire; all but him, as Mrs. Hemans tells us, had fled; the admiral had fallen in the conflict. In this new aspect of affairs, what he should have done, had he been as quick-witted as he was brave, was to have reconsidered his situation and the duty which had been assigned to him, from the point of view of the exigency which had supervened, and of his father's wish, had he been alive, in the new crisis, to express it. The last thing his father would have desired was that he should stay to perish in the final explosion. Instead of indulging in that series of appeals to the wind which our poetess has emphasized with so much pathos, he should have flung himself into the waves, and endeavored to save a life so precious to his family and to France."

"Mr. David Webster," says the *Examiner*, "the second-mate of the castaway bark Aracan, in whose honor so many of our prose-poets lately wrote leading articles, has not been allowed to enjoy his fame and his Albert medal undisturbed. It seems that Webster and his four companions were not the only survivors from the unfortunate vessel. The captain and the first-mate each saved a boatful; and the captain has written to a northern paper to say that Webster need never have got into any difficulty but for his own bad seamanship and headstrong folly. There was room for him and his companions in the captain's boat, but he would not take advantage of it; and, after electing to follow the first-mate's boat, he gave that officer a great deal of trouble by lagging behind and taking his own way, and finally lost sight of him altogether. Such is the captain's account of the matter; and he further charges Webster with being drunk and incapable on the day before they were forced to abandon the ship, and with shirking the labor of pumping. Webster has written to contradict all this; but, supposing that it were true, it would become a nice question for casuists how far a man's stubbornness in getting into trouble should invalidate his heroism in getting out of it, and whether such a man deserves to stand—where one of our enthusiastic contemporaries placed Webster—by the side of Drake and Dampier."

What are the legal *post-mortem* rights of a traveler dying in *transitus* after payment of his fare as to the completion of his journey, when those rights, if they be rights, are diametrically opposed to the regulations of the common carrier? Or, in another view of the case: Does the contract of passage, ratified and confirmed by the payment of fare, entitle both the body and soul of the passenger, or neither, or either, and, if either, which, to a conveyance, the act of God and perils of the sea excepted, over the whole line, from *terminus* to *terminus*? These questions seem to flow naturally from a consideration of the rules of the Cunard Steamship Company, who insist upon throwing overboard the bodies of passengers dying on the voyage. Those rules are well styled barbarous by the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, which says: "In all ordinary cases, the preservation of the remains during the few days of a transatlantic voyage, not more than five or six, on the average, is so simple and easy, either by the application of ice, which is always abundant on shipboard, or by the use of those scientific processes which can be successfully applied by the most ordinary ship's doctor, that there is no excuse for continuing this barbarous usage."

The *Cincinnati Commercial* is of the opinion that "the consumption of intoxicating liquors in Ohio is now as great as when Dr. Dio Lewis initiated the crusade against the traffic in Washington Court-House." If this be a fact, that paper may be pardoned for the following somewhat unfavorable view of the temperance party which has just defeated the proposed license amendment to the State constitution. "Our faith," says the *Commercial*, "in the capacity of those well-meaning people to accomplish any real and permanent reform in the habits of the people concerning the use of intoxicating beverages is small as a grain of mustard-seed. They make very eloquent speeches, and are apt in the drafting of denunciatory resolutions. Under the gas-light, and in the presence of sympathetic audiences, they rise to prodigious moral heights, and make terrific assaults upon the enemy of good digestion and social-happiness. But, outside the lecture-room and off the platform, their feebleness is manifest, and all the more striking by contrast with their voluminous vehemence."

The *Kansas School Journal* draws a lesson in favor of more practical teaching in our colleges from the manner in which thieves are educated. "The College of Thieves," it says, "does not turn out graduates with their heads full of learning and no sense. The article it has for sale is thieves, sharp thieves; and it supplies the market with a satisfactory article." Not so successful, thinks the *Journal*, are our seminaries of learning. "They do not turn out forty-year-old men at twenty, as is rightfully demanded. Why? Because the graduate is only competent to perform the last trick learned, i.e., read Livy or Thucydides, calculate an eclipse, etc. The essen-

tials to a successful life are so nearly forgotten—buried by the superincumbent mass—that it is distasteful, painful, and many times impossible, to recover them; and, consequently, the graduate is a failure. He is unfortunate; has a screw loose somewhere—a fool, according to the critics. According to the thinking man, the college which graduated him should be reorganized or die."

"All sovereigns," says the Boston *Evening Traveler*, "take lovingly to the divine-right idea as soon as they feel the round of sovereignty pressing their aching brows; and, were General Ichabod Tibbs, the hero of Pea Patch and of Huckleberry Hollow, to be made Emperor of the United States, and the right of descent to be fixed in his family, he would begin to be divine, in his own estimation, in quite a different sense from that in which Vespasian said he was becoming a god when he was dying. He would talk of his ancestral rights, and would regard his condition as the result less of elevation than of restoration. Had Cromwell become Oliver I, King of Great Britain, and set up his dynasty, he would have made much of his ancient blood; and his descendants would have creaved as loudly over their divine right as ever did Spanish pretender or German prince. How much like a snob the first Napoleon acted on the subject of his right to reign is well known."

When the *Terre-Haute Gazette* informs its readers of the burning of a barn, it starts off first with a few generalizing head-lines, as thus: "The King of Destruction—The same Force which Leveled Sodom, Impoverished London, and Blackened the Queen of the Prairies, now Tackles a Barn." Unable, however, long to sustain such an effort, exhausting even to a "tropical nature," it seeks aid from the "divine William" as follows: "At three o'clock Wednesday, at the hour when the spirits of the dead are said to perambulate the streets, ere the glow-worm shows the matin to be near," the family of Mr. Thomas Royste were awakened to look upon the burning ruins of their large and well-stored barn." We should add that "the instrument with which the Theban husbandman lays bare the breast of his great mother" was "reduced to a sickening mass of ashes."

The "Easy-Chair" of *Harper's Magazine* pays a well-put compliment to a leading reformer in saying: "A few years since the humanity of Mr. Bergh seemed to many persons excessive and eccentric, but, if dumb animals could speak, how they would bless him! The suffering that he has prevented, and the crimes against the innocent and defenseless that he has caused to be punished, can be estimated only by reflecting that not an angry driver raises his whip or foot against his faithful brute-servant without a restraining fear of the avenging Justice of Bergh. Macaulay says that Saracen mothers hushed their refractory infants with the terrible name of Cour de Leon, and so the very thought of Bergh keeps the peace toward the domestic animals in New York."

Speaking of the possible failure to bring about a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States, the *Saturday Review* says: "The result of the negotiation will be regarded in England with entire indifference, except so far as it may affect the interests and wishes of Canada. The conclusion of an equitable arrangement on any subject with the United States would excite reasonable surprise."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

AUGUST 28.—The report of the Plymouth Church investigating committee acquitting Mr. Beecher of the charges of adultery is presented and accepted at a meeting of the congregation.

Advices from Spain state that the Carlists have made another attack on Puigcerda, and have been again repulsed. Women said to be assisting in the defense.

A battle in Bueyabao, in Cuba, between the insurgents and Spaniards, reported from Havana.

SEPTEMBER 29.—Troubles between the negroes and whites at Conshatta, La. Two negroes shot. Advices from Paris state that M. Berger, candi-

date for the Assembly in the Department of Maine-et-Loire, has issued an address to the electors, boldly avowing his devotion to imperialism and the Bonaparte dynasty, and advocating the plebiscite.

The anniversary of the landing of the English colony at Sabino, August 19 (O. S.), 1607, celebrated at Port Popham, Me.

AUGUST 30.—The Carlist Generals Tristany and More, defeated by the Republicans near Leo de Urgel, General Lopez Dominguez said to be marching to the relief of Puigcerda.

The negro troubles at Conshatta, La., continue. Six white leaders of the negroes murdered while being conveyed to Shreveport as prisoners.

A fire in San Francisco destroys hair-works valued at twenty thousand dollars.

Steam saw-mill burned at West Townsend, Mass. Loss, forty thousand dollars.

AUGUST 31.—Dispatches from Rome state that Mount Etna has been in a state of eruption since Saturday, and streams of lava are pouring from three craters.

Several regiments have been sent to Sicily because of the increase of brigandage and general lawlessness. Court-martials have been established for the prompt punishment of offenders.

General Custer reports to Lieutenant-General Sheridan the return to-day to Fort Lincoln of the Black-Hills Expedition, after an absence of nearly two months, and a march of about one thousand miles.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Election of governor, Legislators, and members of Congress, in Vermont.

Advices from Havana report that a company of Spanish guerrillas were attacked near Puerto Principe by the insurgents, and that the latter were repulsed. Other engagements at Las Charcas and Fort Martin Lopez reported. A Madrid dispatch states that the Carlists made two determined assaults on Puigcerda to-day, but without effect. Both attacks were defeated, and the besiegers, in their rage, set fire to and destroyed the houses outside the walls.

SEPTEMBER 2.—European advices report that there has been some rioting in the province of Barcelona, caused by opposition to the conscription.

Three Paris newspapers have been fined for publishing a letter of Marshal Bazaine's.

The epizooty has broken out in St. John, N. B., with great violence.

Six surveyors from Lawrence, Kan., have been murdered by Indians near Fort Dodge.

Work has been resumed in the principal Pennsylvania coal-mines.

SEPTEMBER 3.—The Bishop of Yucatan, Mexico, has issued an order excommunicating all Catholics who contract civil marriages.

The civil guards of Bazaine, who were arrested on a charge of assisting his escape, have been released.

The eruption of Mount Etna shows no signs of abatement. The inhabitants are fleeing from the villages at the foot of the mountain.

The sale of ten provincial Bonapartist journals has been prohibited by the French Government.

The Long-Branch steamer River Belle was burned at her wharf in New York; loss estimated at forty thousand dollars.

Notices.

IF CLEOPATRA had worn ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes, Antony and Cesar would have been much more in love with her. Ladies, if you want to attract the sterner sex, wear none other. Make your dealer buy them for you.

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